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1937

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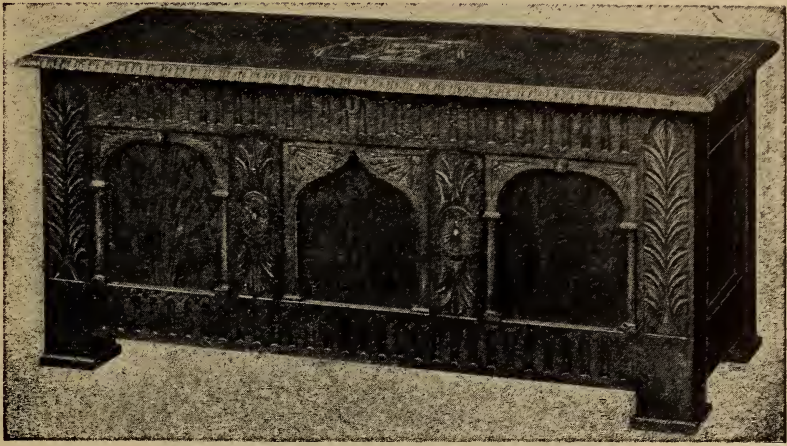
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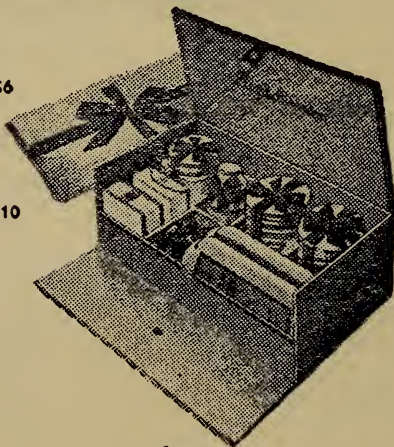
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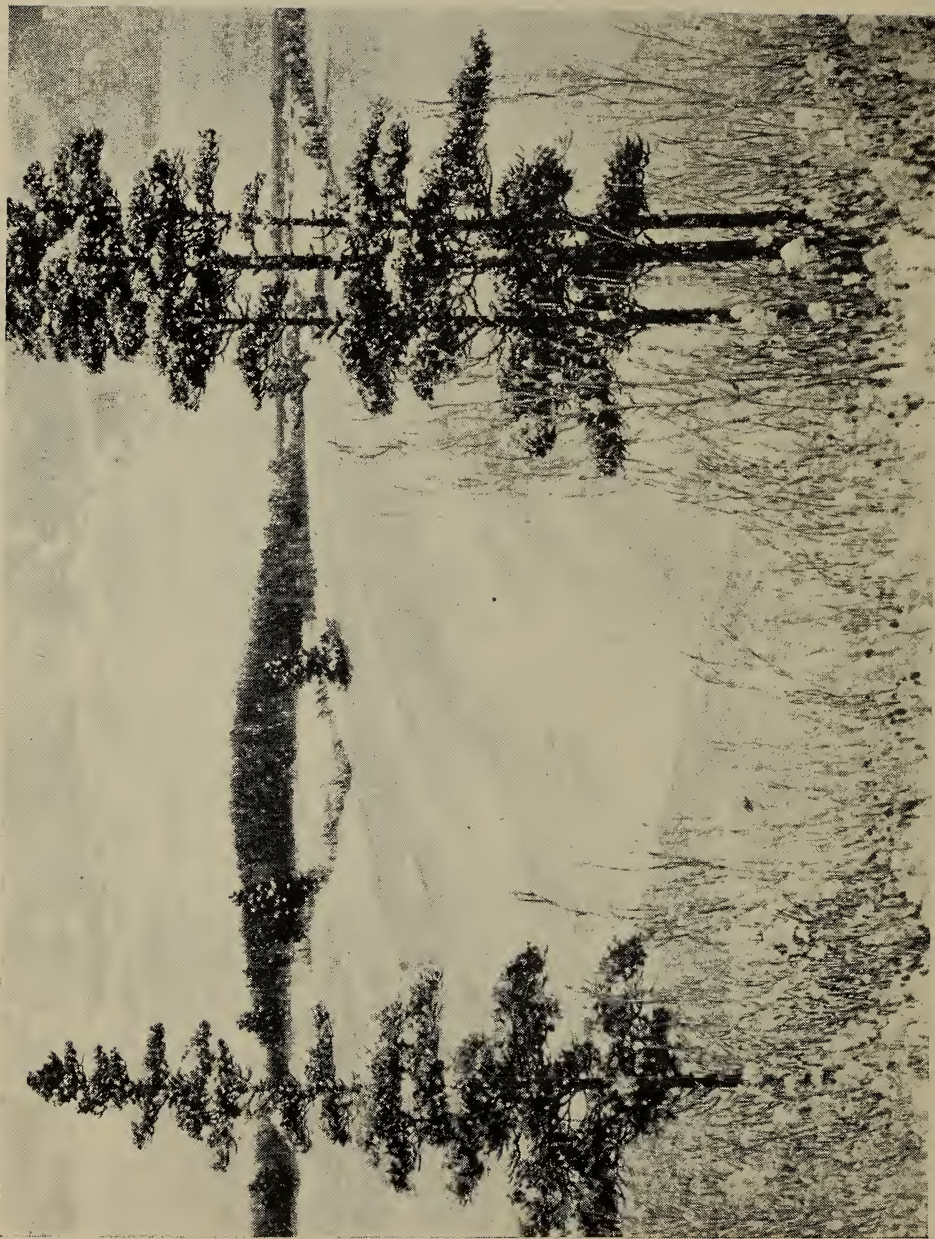
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CLANSDALE HEIGHTS  
*From the painting by Franz Johnston*





Few people realize the full importance of the menace which is today creeping insidiously upon us—the danger of losing all individuality and becoming completely obscured and absorbed into the maw of the mob. I am not speaking so much of the spreading Nazi regime and like movements, which quite obviously spell death to individual powers and rights, as of those smaller, more insignificant and consequently more dangerous organizations which are gaining so alarmingly fast both in strength and number.

We have fallen into the lazy way of conducting our charities, deciding our politics, bringing up our children, and even doing our thinking in groups. In so doing, we are beginning to lose all faith in our own individual ideas and efforts, and to place all trust in the judgment of the mob. Rob man of his ego—of his sense of responsibility and importance in the scheme of society, and he loses all efficiency, keenness and incentive to work. He becomes merely one of a great group, ready and willing to leave every matter of importance to the decision of "the rest". They, in turn, evade the issue so that many vital problems are left permanently unsolved.

Avoid this state of mind. Break away from the herd. Think your own thoughts—plan your own actions, and never weakly cast away ideas because they have not the full approbation of your friends. There is no need to join a society in order to help the poor, or the country, or even the world. That of which the latter stands in direst need today is a little intelligent and understanding thinking on the part of the individual. People are so appallingly narrow-minded. They declare that they hate certain "foreigners" because they have heard through a friend of a friend that they are dirty, treacherous, unkind to their animals, or something equally absurd. And then they have the supreme audacity to run about clamouring for Peace, when all the time they are doing their utmost to promote the opposite.

Never let yourself be influenced by these idle babblers. Surely most wars are caused by ignorance and urged on by false propaganda. Believe

nothing but reliable information about other countries,—read as much as possible, and travel as widely as you can. Only in this way will you come to understand and sympathize with the problems, worries and fears of the various nations, and they with yours. Only by interchange of opinions and co-operation will the peoples of various countries be prevented from rushing blindly at one another's throats, impelled by suspicion, jealousy, and ignorance. Realize that the glorious work of bringing about a better understanding between nations is yours. Leave it to others and it will never be done. When each one of us begins to grasp this fact and to become really broad-minded,—then, and only then, may we begin to hope for and to merit a happier, more understanding, and consequently peaceful world. Remember always that true civilization is built, not by the mass-effort of the mob, but by the united, whole-hearted efforts of each individual working intelligently towards a common goal.

KATHARINE CANNON (Clan Ross).

## The School Library

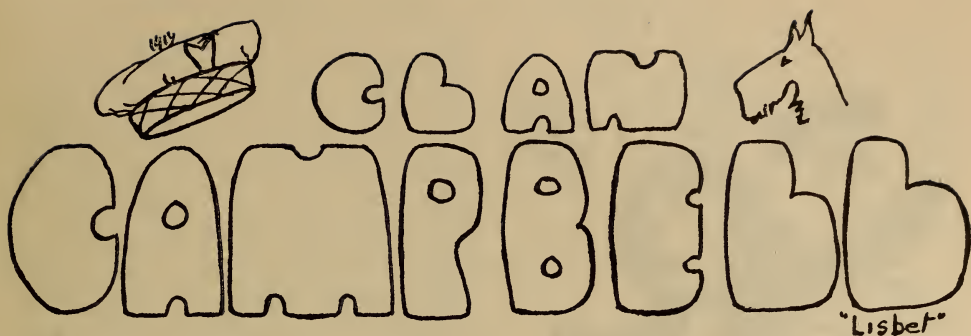
Within the last three years there has been a great revival of interest in reading at Branksome. This is due to the extension of our library, made possible by Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Thompson and the Alumnae, who endowed a section in memory of Dora Olive Thompson, thus making it possible for us to secure a considerable number of interesting and readable books.

We are, of course, in constant need of more and more new books, and two plans have been devised to meet this demand. One of these is the holding of "Library Day", which is now an annual event of the school year. On this day the girls bring books they have read and would like to see in our library, or the price of a new book. The other plan is in connection with the endowment of the new shelves that have been put up in the common room. By this plan, any present or former pupil or friend of the school may, by the payment of one hundred dollars, endow a shelf with a brass plate bearing the name of the donor placed above it. Several of these shelves have already been provided for, besides two new sections, one devoted to religion, donated by Miss Read, and another section, endowed by one of our old girls, Susan Smith.

This year, the space given to our library has been extended. The adjoining south room has been added and also part of the common room. All three of these rooms are used by the senior pupils for morning study.

Although our library is not yet as large as we could wish, yet we have a great variety of interesting books, and one of the most pleasant places in which to spend a quiet hour is the Branksome Library.

ELEANOR BIRKETT  
(Clan Campbell).



## El Mèjico

Long hours spent in lazy sleeping, scanty meals and occasional work comprises the usual day of most Mexicans. They rise very early before or with the sun so that they can do their work before the heat gets too intense. Most Mexicans have a few acres where they raise their own food and some to sell at the big market. They labour in these fields all morning until about eleven, when they go home to lunch. All their meals are very much alike and there is no discrimination between the type of food eaten morning, noon or evening. Hot tamales, chili, peppered omelets, pomegranates and any other highly seasoned foods are what they like.

When the noon-day meal is over, everyone in the little adobe huts lies down for a siesta. Shops are closed and the whole city sleeps peacefully for a few hours.

When the sun begins to go down about four o'clock, the city market opens and all the nearby farmers bring in their vegetables, shawls, rugs, poultry, woven baskets, pottery or whatever they are going to sell, and set up their wares in little individual stalls. Barter is often used because very little money is in circulation among the poorer people, and what few pesos they do have, they hoard for taxes. When the market closes they pack what they haven't sold on their little grey burros and start for home.

Mexicans live by the sun, and so it seems very natural that when the civilized nations first invaded Mexico, their chief god was a sun god.

Mexico is not a very progressive country and never will be until the poorer people, who make up a large portion of the population, are educated. Until then, the Mexicans continue with their pleasant, monotonous life and refuse to be disturbed.

BARBARA TEMPLETON,  
Form II B.





### BELLE ISLE

Belle Isle is a small island connected with Detroit by the Belle Isle bridge. In its earlier days it was privately owned. Being infested with snakes, a great number of hogs were released upon it, and for a time it was called Hog Island. Later, the city government bought the island and turned it into a public park, renaming it Belle Isle.

One of the island's outstanding beauties during the winter months is an ice mound. This is made from a huge mound of straw, which is steadily sprayed from the top with water. As the winter continues, it freezes and forms a huge ice mound, which lasts through the early spring months.

This ice mound, together with many other attractions, makes Belle Isle an outstanding feature of Detroit.

SARAH-LEE MOXLEY,  
Form II B.

There are some queer names in our clan—at least, with just a wee bit of jumbling they're queer. For instance, our noble chieftain, Henle Skranf, and her loyal sub., Ecjoy Duelclaw. A few of the faithful followers are Jona Nothinchus, Teylet Punalie, Tubny Bettrik and Nafreac Clampleb, while, nontheless worthy, are Greatram Goriluk and Canny Tryller. It would be almost impossible to mention all the fascinating names of the mighty Clan Plabclem.

"LISBET".

### AMBITIONS

I would like to be a cook,  
But that would come to nought.  
I'd rather be a crook,  
But then I might get caught.

I've thought about an author,  
But they are cross and weird.  
I'd rather be an artist,  
But I'd hate to wear a beard.

I might become a beggar,  
With no pennies in my hat.  
But I'll never be a poet,  
We are all quite sure of that!

DOROTHY HOYLE,  
Form III A.





## The Story of a Short Life

When little Percy was put in my arms for the first time, a warm, happy feeling surged through me. Here was the puppy I had longed for all my life. He was a mongrel with a tiny pink tongue and merry, laughing, brown eyes. Oh, how proud I was of this mischievous ball of black fur and how jealous my playmates were of me when I showed him off that day!

My sister and I were very much dejected on learning that Percy could not sleep with us that night, but we consoled ourselves with the fact that we could see him the following morning. At one o'clock, I was awakened by the sound of pitiful howls issuing forth from the kitchen. What was the matter with Percy? I got up and pattered barefoot down the stairs. As I opened the door, I saw, sitting in the middle of the floor, the most forlorn-looking specimen. The two hours spent that night on a stool with Percy in my arms marked the beginning of a real and ever-increasing understanding between us.

Percy was not altogether a joy at the beginning of his career. To come home from school and find a much-loved book wrenched from the book-case and torn and chewed, or a pair of new bedroom slippers completely ruined by a sharp set of teeth, was no great pleasure. Even then, the hardest thing to do was to punish him. With tightly-closed eyes I would spank him, scold him, and put him in his box. Full well did I know that if I dared look into his sorrowful, penitent eyes, all he would get for his naughtiness would be an affectionate hug and squeeze.

I confided everything to Percy and, dog-like, he seemed to understand. When I was sick he would play ball with me or, if I preferred, just lie on my bed and let me gently rub his ear. When I told him some good news he would throw one ear back and his eyes would sparkle with excitement and anticipation. He had a keen sense of humour and would sit grinning at me with laughing eyes while he watched me discover some silly trick he had played.

One day I took him for a walk in Forest Hill Village. I have since terribly regretted the fact that I did not take him on a leash, but he had never before needed one as he always walked or scampered at my heels. However, this time he darted across the road. I whistled for him but continued on my way. Suddenly, I heard a grinding of brakes, a sickening thud, an agonizing yelp. Horror-stricken, I turned. Percy was in the middle of the road yelping and writhing in agony. The driver of the car lifted him up and carried him to the side of the road. I knew it was not the driver's fault and told him so before kneeling down beside the now motionless Percy. As I knelt, I saw his eyes gradually turn purple and I knew that he had gone to the "Puppy-dogs' heaven". Sobbing, I closed his eyes and stroked his head. I was still hugging little Percy's body when the rough, but kindly voice of the Humane Society ambulance driver told me he must take my little playmate. With a sorrowful, aching heart I watched the ambulance drive away.

DOROTHY HOYLE,

Form III A.



### THE STARS

"Small, twinkling lamps?" To me  
they seem

All-seeing, cold, sharp eyes  
That pierce the Soul—a stony gleam  
Of gems in velvet skies,  
An awesome sight, and terrible. So  
vast,

So distant, and so set—that  
sapphire deep—  
But Beauty leaves her mark there to  
the last

Oh God, behold Thy Work! So let  
us sleep.

SUSAN GOULDING, Form III A.

### A POOR MAN'S POSSESSIONS

A heart I have, that thrills to light,  
And Life, wind, scented bowers,  
The naked stars, the moon—that  
bright

Pilot of midnight hours.

A voice I have, that lifts in praise  
Of all things Nature-born—

The rustling trees a song can raise  
At red dawn—dew-eyed morn.

And eyes I have, that see these things  
Beyond a muddled world,  
Where gaunt grey buildings tell of  
kings,  
And nations' flags unfurled.

A soul I have, a memory  
For treasures—seeds now sown;  
This is enough for me to keep  
As it is all I own.

SUSAN GOULDING, Form III A.

### THE MOON

A midnight breeze is but  
A silver whisper of the Moon—  
That pale, sweet lady who reigns o'er  
deep skies,  
And looks with saddened scorn  
On Life, with tears on Love, and soon  
Sinks to a weary sleep as dark night  
flies.

SUSAN GOULDING, Form III A.

## A Morning Symphony

A dank, grey mist hung heavily over the blue-green water in the haze of the early morning. A damp breeze blew in off the sea, rusting the slimy-rooted reeds that stood deeply waving their slender blades, which as the breeze slackened, slowly straightened again.

The sound of the waves breaking against the rocks farther along the beach mingled with the scream of the gulls as they sailed over the water watching, with their sharp little eyes, for morsels of food as the tide turned.

The haze shifted slowly, as the sun came up, slanting weak rays of pale golden light across the shadowed sky. Soon pale gold turned to deepest yellow, tinting the edges of the brown rocks with rims of burning orange.

Inland, along the shore where the rocks sloped, making a way to pass along the edge of the sand, was a cottage with a thatched roof and clean, white-washed walls, covered with rambling roses. A faint spiral of grey-blue smoke twisted out of the chimney and disappeared in the clean, sharp air.

Suddenly, the large wooden door of the cottage opened and a little girl came down the broad, stone steps, swinging a water-bucket. She was a child of perhaps eleven years of age, fresh as the dew, her healthy young skin tanned with the summer sun. She put the pail down under the spout of the pump and began to swing the big iron handle with strong, easy movements, soon filling it to the brim.

An elderly man, leaning on a knotted, wooden cane, now came to the door of the tiny house. He had long white hair that was growing thin, and a white beard that moved up and down when he spoke. His eyes were bright with the twinkle of good nature, but his face was deeply seamed with age. For a moment, as if from habit, he stood with his right hand shading his eyes, gazing far over the sea; then he turned and smiled gently on the child.

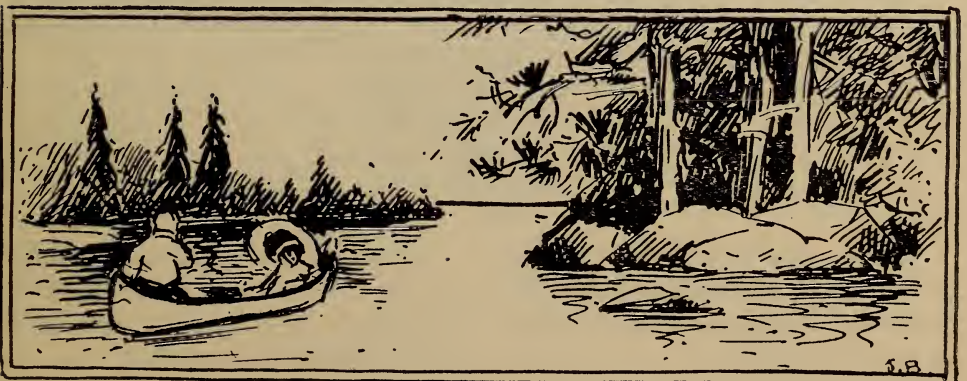
"Nice fresh mornin', little one", he said kindly to the girl as she came back towards the cottage, labouring with the heavy water-bucket.

"Aye, granddad, that it is", she answered in a full round voice, lifting her child face to the radiant sky.

A new day had begun.

BARBARA SPENCER,

Form IV B.





## The Calgary Stampede

Every year, in July, cowboys from Canada and the United States compete at Calgary in a great stampede. At this time, the North American championships are held in bucking-horse riding, in calf-roping and in many other types of cowboy skill.

The Stampede lasts for a week, and it is a gala time for all concerned. Every morning at ten o'clock, Montana Indians, in full war-feathers, parade on horse-back, before the chief hotel. They are fine-looking Indians, very unlike the "run-down" type which you find on some reserves. They are dark-skinned, with high cheek-bones and black hair, and resemble, in almost every respect, those which used to fill the West some year ago. One rather disappointing fact to discover is that they smoke cigarettes.

Promptly at two o'clock every afternoon, the stampede programme begins. The day we saw it, they held several bucking-horse riding contests which were very exciting. At the sound of a gong, a horse and rider burst into the arena. Then ensued a battle between horse and rider in which sometimes one and sometimes the other was victorious. The cowboy, his large hat in one hand, held the rein in the other, and since there was no saddle, it seemed really miraculous how he could stay on for so long a time.

Next came the wild steer decorating; the idea was to place a ribbon on one of the horns of a wild bull. The steers, however, objected strongly to such feminine adornment, and it proved difficult to carry out the task. Sometimes an animal, becoming very angry, would jab at its tormentor with its horns. Then the cowboy would rush from the scene at full speed, closely pursued by the snorting, fiery-eyed bull.

An interesting feature of the evening performance was a cowboys' chuck wagon race. In travelling on the ranges, the cowboy "outfits" use chuck wagons which are almost the same as the old "covered wagons" of frontier days. In these wagons they can eat, sleep and even cook. They are very compactly built and are equipped to the last detail. The race was run over a circular course and the wagons had to round it three times. In the middle of the race one wagon lost a wheel and upset. However, nothing was lost except the race.

If you have never watched the Stampede, I should certainly advise you to try to do so, sometime, as it is a novelty worth seeing.

GWENDOLYN PLANT,

Form V.

Miss C. (to pupil who has been away): Well, if you haven't done this exercise, I expect you to take it down as we take it up."

What is the modern generation coming to?—the girls think of nothing but the boys, and the boys think of nothing but themselves!



THE HUNTSVILLE WEEK-END







## Art

Although there are few things that I know less about than art, I have some ideas on the subject which I shall endeavour to put forth.

Too much comment is made upon what is called the grotesque and far-fetched modern art. Modern paintings are made for modern buildings. They should not be criticized because they are different from what we have become accustomed to. We are continually changing our houses, our clothes and our transportation to suit our needs, so why not treat our art in the same manner?

As far as I can see, an artist, when painting a picture, aims to bring out the idea that the scene conveys to him rather than to produce an identical copy of his subject. Why look at a copy of a tree when we can look at the tree itself? The real artist does not draw the tree as the average person sees it, but as it appears to him. If it is a graceful tree he accentuates that feature; if it is a stocky, compact tree that idea dominates his work.

"Well, I don't see anything beautiful in that" is the usual pronouncement of a person who has let his appreciation of art get into a rut. He has looked at a piece of modern art for two seconds, made up his mind that it is not beautiful, and, furthermore, that no one is going to convince him that it is. Why must everything be beautiful? The ugliest faces often show the most character and, after all, that is the most necessary thing to any portrait. A picture I saw in a Russian art exhibition illustrates this. Two typical Russian peasants, a woman and her son stood side by side in a setting of their own fields. There was no physical beauty in either face, but the strength, determination, and poverty of the Russian peasants was startlingly evident in the two expressions. It seems appropriate to the present conditions in Russia. The mother was raising a son who would be strong and able to carry on the work when she was gone.

The character of a good picture shines out through its physical shell which fades into the background, leaving the meaning behind.

BARBARA PARKER,

Form IV A.

## Diary of a Branksome Girl

Sunday—Church at St. — and the first short sermon in weeks.—Family 'phoned coming down next Saturday. Hurrah!

Monday—No less than four tests and I am sure that Trigonometry test netted me an even zero. Who cares what  $\tan 2A$  equals? Had a fine game of tennis—two sets, but lost my last ball—another fifty cents out of my allowance.

Tuesday—Missed the bell this morning—one mark—gym. class this afternoon and I am stiff from the top of my head to my heels.—Went swimming at night and did ten lengths, nearly bursting my lungs.—Had to rip out the last four inches of my sweater. I guess knitting isn't my long suit.

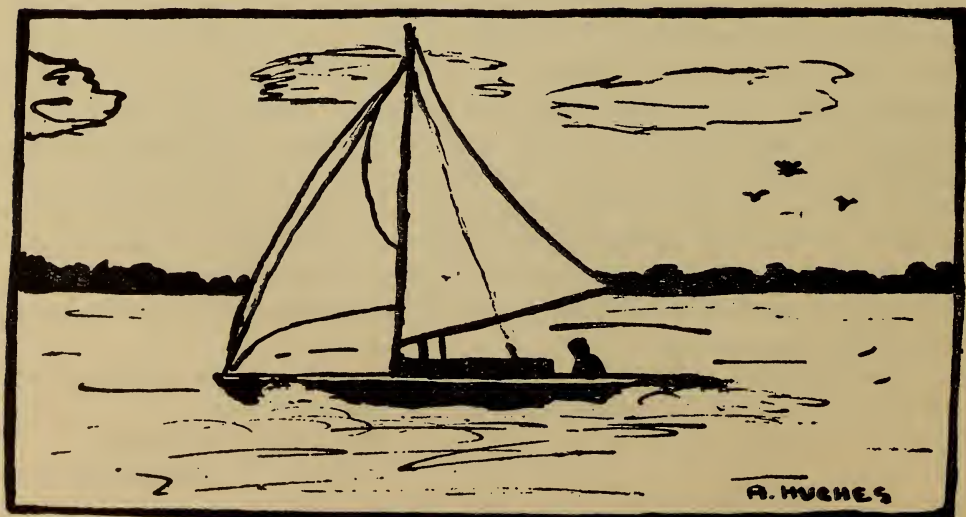
Wednesday—Sherbourne Street and then tennis—rushing to get dressed for visitors but no one came. Am I popular?

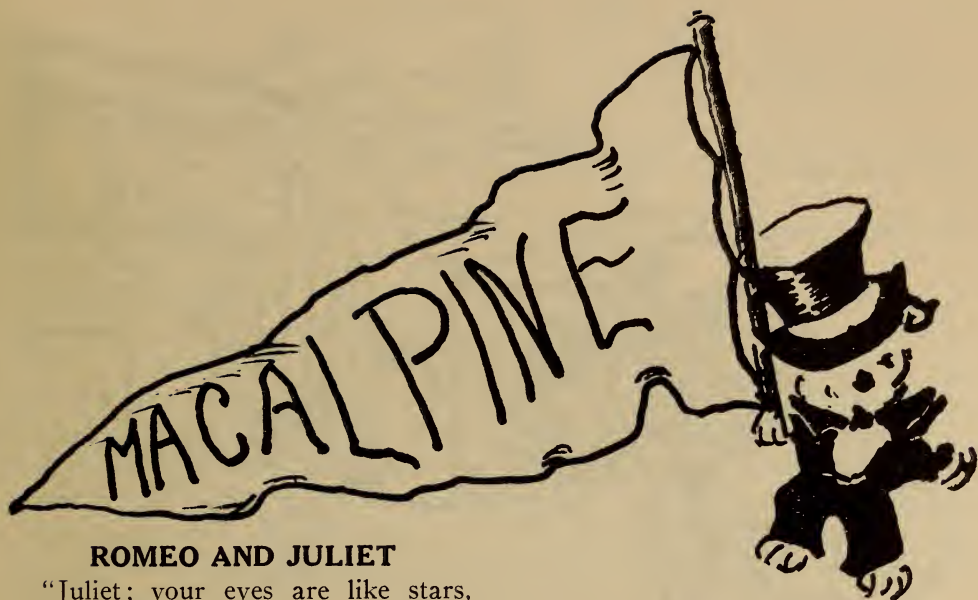
Thursday—Yonge Street today and my last nickel gone. It is a good thing the family are coming down on Saturday—studied for that Geom. test for five hours—my brain is reeling—I see triangles and circles everywhere I look.

Friday—Funny I couldn't see any of those triangles or circles when I tried to put them down on the paper today.—Forgot my interior decoration homework and so I have an hour Saturday morning.—Got a mark for leaving my running shoes on the bed.—My prospects for Saturday look a little strained—and the family coming down, too.

Saturday—At last it came—but I had an hour—it rained and the family didn't get here until noon; but what matter, it was absolutely tops, the whole day. And so to bed.

EDITH WILSON,  
Form V S.





### ROMEO AND JULIET

"Juliet; your eyes are like stars, your hair is like fine spun gold, and your lips like a dew-tipped rosebud. Will you be mine?"

"Romeo, my romantic balcony climber, you have the build of an Adonis and the appearance of a Robert Taylor. Climb up and see me, and I will give you my answer true."

"But Juliet, my dove, there is no ladder."

"It matters not, Romeo, if you love me truly you will be walking on air."

"Right-ho, Juliet, here I come" !!!  
CRASH !!! SILENCE.

"Romeo! Romeo! Wherefore art thou? Speak to me my lover, are you dead? Answer me."

"Here I am, Juliet, but methinks I do not love you truly."

"Please, why can you not be the first to invent a parachute out of your umbrella and float down to me like a whispriy, summer cloud."

"Ah, my Einstein Romeo, what a brain!"

JANE MORGAN, Form V S.

### THE HUMMING-BIRD

It was tiny and dainty, of wonderful hue,

It darted so quickly and flashed in the sun,

Working so hard till its day's work was done.

I watched it poised and then in flight,  
I never shall forget the sight.

NANCY-BELLE MANN,

Form I A.

### THE STORM

Calm lake, still trees and humming bees,

A rumble of thunder, a darkening sky,  
A tiny ripple, then rising seas,

A flash of lightning, the tall trees sigh.  
The storm is sweeping across the bay,

The thunder roars but doesn't stay.  
At last there is quiet and peace once more

And in the blue sky the seagulls soar.

NANCY-BELLE MANN,

Form I A.





## Father Antoine

The captain had told me that we should dock in a few moments and I, determined not to miss anything interesting, had come up on deck to watch the proceeding.

I was standing at the rail watching, for almost the last time, the vast stretch of water which extended before me, when I noticed, standing nearby, a young priest who had crossed with us.

All of us had considered him a rather strange young man for, although he would answer politely when addressed, he would make no friendly gestures towards his fellow passengers but, instead, would hold himself aloof from our company.

Something pathetic about his appearance as he stood there drew my eyes to him. He held himself erect and steadfast, but his lean, tanned hands gripped the iron rail tightly as if for support. The pitiless sun revealed deep furrows on his brow and etched tired lines beneath his eyes. It was as though his youth and happiness were obscured by a veil of sadness.

I was strangely touched by the sight of him, and moving quietly until I was beside him I said, softly, in order not to startle him:

"You are going home?"

"Going home", he repeated, rather bewildered for a moment. "Yes, I am. I am going home. I suppose that helps, doesn't it?"

"It always helps to go back to the people one loves," I replied, trying to catch his mood.

"Sometimes", he mused; "it hurts, too."

"Please, would you tell me about it", I said timidly, fearing that he would withhold the confidence.

He smiled then—a pitiful attempt at a smile, but his eyes brightened momentarily and I was glad I had dared to speak.

"Twelve years ago", he began, "I left Canada to go to a monastery in France. I studied there faithfully, but did not take my final vows. Instead, I took a post in a little village of Southern France. My work there consisted mainly of ministering to the needs of the simple, peasant people of the village. I loved my work, but found the long nights lonely, and about this time I felt a strange homesickness for my French-Canadian home, and for the sight of my kinsmen. Some part of my loneliness must have been conveyed in my letters for one day, to my overwhelming joy, I received a telegram from home stating that my dear sister was coming across the ocean to visit me. My delight knew no bounds; I was like a child again in my eager anticipation.

"Your sister," I questioned then. "What is she like?"

"Collette—she is an angel, a pure, adorable angel. Mademoiselle, never have I seen a being who so bubbled with life, who spilled such happiness wherever she went. She was like a gay, spring breeze entering my drab life and brushing away the cobwebs of despair. The days we spent together were the happiest ones of my life. My sister seemed happy, too, but now and then I could detect a shadow behind her loving brown eyes. My heart told me that she wanted to go home. But I was selfish, mademoiselle, extremely selfish and could not bear to be alone again, and so she remained with me. She never complained, but as I watched the shadow deepen I knew I should have to take her home and then——". Here he broke off suddenly, and I, surprised, glanced in his direction to see him staring fixedly at one of the articles which was being unloaded from the hold. Slowly he answered my unspoken question:

"Yes, mademoiselle, it is a coffin. I am taking my little sister home again."

GWEN MILLAR,

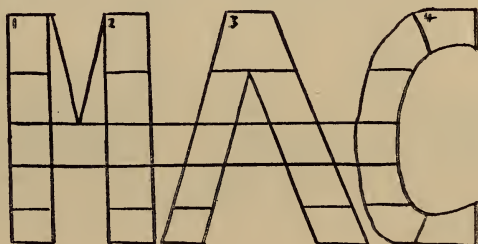
Form V.

### VERTICAL

1. A London paper.
2. You cry out when you sit on them.
3. (Left side) a small number.
3. (Right side) a wild animal.
4. Rushing water.

### HORIZONTAL

5. The best clan in the school!!!



HOME WORK

Time: Seven o'clock.

Scene: A large chair in a living-room, near a radio.

Characters: Student and attraction.

Student: "Well, I really feel like studying tonight. I'll do a good three hours and maybe I'll learn something. Of course it's not because June is near, but I guess I've just reformed. Let's see—Physics—Ah, the Transformer——"

Attraction: "My time is your time——" "This is Rudy Vallee coming to you direct from New York. Our first number is 'School Days,' which is especially for the children, and then we shall play some popular numbers."

Student: "Well, I wouldn't mind listening to the popular numbers, but do they have to play 'School Days?'" (Turns dial.)

Attraction: "De la montre Bulova nous nous donnons——"

Student (turning dial): "Bla—— French gives me a pain."

Attraction (Radio Theatre is well started): "Now I shall kill you at last." (Student listens till end.)

Student: (Studies lightly to strains of Charles Dornberger and orchestra.)

"Gee, I love that piece." (Voice from above)—"Yes, mother—Oh, I'm doing them. (Voice again)—Gee, but I can hardly hear it. Oh, all right." (Turns radio off.)

Attraction: "Ding, ding, ding,— When you hear the siren and bell you know you are listening to a programme brought to you by Texas Gasoline Co. starring Ed. Wynne, the perfect fool."

Student: "Well, at least you don't have to know Latin to be a radio star. Oh! here come the Browns, now how can I study?"

Attraction: "And, my dear, do you know what she said, etc." "Well, Brown, how's business these days, etc."

Student (listening attentively): Glares at clock and exclaims: "10 o'clock already. Why, 7 to 10—three hours. Well, if I don't know my homework tomorrow, I never will."

"Good-night all." (Goes out to kitchen to get something to eat.)

Curtain.

JEAN SUTHERLAND,  
Form III B.

TAM O'SHANTERS

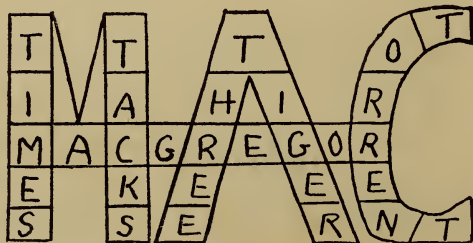
This year our Scottish school was given Scottish tams,

To brighten up our bonnie hair and spur on all the clans.

They're navy blue with balls of navy blue and red,

Around each rim is a tartan band to hold it in good stead.

BARBARA THOMAS, Form V S.



Miss B. (in Physics): "You use 50 watts or 60 watts or whatever you want."

Clan McLean.



## Bruges

In the north of Belgium, not far distant from the coast, stands the tiny town of Bruges, so small that it is almost unjust to call it anything but a village, but which is, nevertheless, the pride and joy of all Belgium.

In Bruges are harboured countless places and objects of interest to all. There is nothing sophisticated about Bruges; perhaps this is the reason she has endeared herself to all those who have chanced to visit there. She is just a simple yet beautiful bit of old Europe.

Narrow cobble-stone streets, traversed only by dog carts and wooden boots, little old stone homes which have stood for endless years, an ambling river over which picturesque stone bridges have been diligently constructed, and on the ripples of which swans glide here and there. These and other such lovely sights make up the town.

There is one thing above all that Bruges is noted for. This is the "Blood of Christ" which was snatched from the Turks and brought triumphantly to Belgium by Godfrey de Bouillon. Bruges coveted this and it now lies guarded by a tiny church in the heart of Bruges. The wonderful part of this curiosity is that the Blood has remained liquified to this day. Once a year on the fête day called "Le Saint Sang", it is brought forth for the benefit of the throngs of people who gather there annually to witness this sight. Rain or shine, the procession winds through the streets, giving each and every one a chance to see. Choir boys chant Latin hymns, and the musty smell of incense settles in the air. After the Holy procession, great feasts are given in all the homes and merry-making predominates. The following day, the Papal legate returns to Rome, and so for another year the tiny vial containing Christ's Blood is returned to its place of rest until the next "Saint Sang."

BARBARA THOMAS,  
Form V S.





# MCLEAN

## Are You Popular?

Answer these questions carefully and then check your results. Count yourself a mark for each one you have right. The more marks you get, the more popular you may consider yourself to be.

1. Do you copy your friends' homework?
2. Do you speak French or German with a respectable pronunciation?
3. Do you darn your stockings in class?
4. Do you work in spares?
5. Do you give your homework to be copied as often as you copy someone else's? (Think twice).
6. Do you wear make-up and bright nail polish in school?
7. Do you pass in tests?
8. Do you go to clan meetings?
9. Do you whisper while studying in the library or common-room?
10. Do you stand when a prefect enters the class?
11. Do you keep your desk tidy?
12. Do you do the homework for next periods in class?
13. Do you get library fines?
14. Do you quibble over exam. or test marks?





#### SUB-PREFECTS

*E. Callow, E. Birkett, E. Wilson, R. Sheppard, D. Turner, B. Ross, B. Thomas,  
B. Hagmeier, A. M. Smart, P. Gibbons, M. Reid, J. Stirling, B. Waite, B. Parker,  
E. Henderson (absent).*



#### CLASS PRESIDENTS

*1. Elizabeth Callow, Janet Davidson, Helen Sutherland, Betty Hagmeier.  
2. Jean Sutherland, Ruth Stevens, Barbara Ann Boland.  
3. Peggy Purvis, Sara-Lee Moxley, Barbara Elliott, Patricia Gundy.*





*FOR BOARDERS ONLY*

1. Do you share your food with your roommates?
2. Do you ask day girls to get you chocolate bars at recess?
3. Do you write letters in study?
4. Have you a comforter on your bed?

*FOR DAY GIRLS ONLY*

1. Do you eat the boarders' buns?
2. Do you disturb study to get your books?
  - (a) when a teacher is on duty?
  - (b) when a teacher is not on duty?
3. Do you get hours on Saturday?
4. Do you leave books at home?

**Answers to Are You Popular Contest**

1. Yes. (We feel that this creates an intimate feeling between you and your friends).
2. Yes. (This amuses the class and puts it in good humour).
3. No. (This gives the teacher the impression you're not paying attention).
4. No. (This creates an unnatural atmosphere).
5. Yes. (If you ever do your homework).
6. Yes. (We mustn't deprive the prefects and subs of their small joys).
7. No. (This gives you a feeling of superiority over your friends).
8. Yes. (We don't like the clan chieftains to feel unpopular).
9. No. (Why bother? Talking is easier).
10. No. (This baffles the teacher and surprises the prefect).
11. No. (You can waste at least half an hour each period looking for books).
12. Yes. (This shows you are progressive).
13. Yes. (We must keep the library going).
14. Yes. (This shows the teacher you are at least interested).

*FOR BOARDERS ONLY*

1. Yes. (If you get a chance to unwrap it first).
2. Yes. (Then they feel less guilty asking for your bun).
3. No. (This is very boring for your neighbour with whom you might be carrying on an interesting conversation).
4. Yes. (This provides a very convenient junk heap for you and your roommates).

*FOR DAY GIRLS ONLY*

1. Yes. (It helps them to keep down the weight).
- 2 (a) Yes. (It amuses the girls when you are sent out).
  - (b) No. (The girls lose their place when they instinctively close their magazines).
3. Yes. (This gives the boarders who are gated a little companionship).
4. Yes. (This shows you at least had them at home).

BETTY HARRISON, Form V.

## Books for a Long Sea Voyage

Why do you take books when you go away? Well, the very best reason of all is, that as soon as your friends hear that you are going on a long sea voyage, they say to themselves: "Oh, she is sure to need books." And you spend a very pleasant afternoon unwrapping a varied assortment of bookish-looking parcels.

But supposing that you will only have room for three. What kind of books and which books should you take? If it is going to be a long journey be sure to choose at least one lengthy book guaranteed to last. I should recommend "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom", but for the groans and moans of the perspiring porters. Well, if you really do want my advice, take the "Romance of Leonardo da Vinci", "The Count of Monte Cristo", and "Mutiny on the Bounty". Why?

If you are going on a sea voyage, you must be going somewhere. It would be very silly to sail around in circles in the middle of the ocean. Assuming that you were going to Italy or France, would you not enjoy them much more if you knew something of their history and ghosts. If you read the "Romance of Leonardo da Vinci", you will have a marvellous time wandering around Italy, looking for Beatrice D'Este bleaching her hair with the old witch's best magic concoction, or perhaps you will hear the ghost of Savonarola preaching destruction in Florence. The book gives you a vivid description of Renaissance Italy, and of the interesting personages that lived at that time.

Some people are apt to have very disagreeable sensations at sea. I have been told that if you never think about it, you will completely escape such unpleasantness. If you want a book that will make you oblivious to the physical world, take "The Count of Monte Cristo." Although it is long, it does not take long to read, but whatever you do, do not start it when you are busy. I went without sleep for two nights until it was finished.

Lastly, "Mutiny on the Bounty" is a story about the sea and ships, which will make you greatly appreciate modern seafaring. And when would be a better time to read about the sea?

Now you have my advice. I hope you have a wonderful trip and enjoy the books.

I regret to have to tell you that the next time I visited the home of my seafaring friend, the "Romance of Leonardo da Vinci", "The Count of Monte Cristo" and "Mutiny on the Bounty" were reposing in the library, and I completely failed to find "The Green Murder Case", "Charlie Chan in Egypt" and "The Shining Stiletto".

PATRICIA GIBBONS,  
Form IV A.





## Stephansdom

"Stephens platz," we said to the taxi driver as we got in. We had put the stress on the second syllable and the driver apparently did not understand us. He got out his map and looked all over it, then scratched his head and started all over again. After a brief consultation we explained that it was the largest church in Vienna.

"Ah, Stephans platz!" he exclaimed, with a Viennese stress on the first syllable, and his face broke into a grin. He clambered in and soon we were tearing down Graben blowing our horn at nothing at all every other second. Such are most Viennese. Cheerful, round, easy going and dull-witted they are a pleasant change from the more stolid Germans.

We arrived safely by some miracle at our destination, and while my friend paid the man, I glanced about me. The square was crowded. Beggars, vendors of flowers and window shoppers covered the sidewalk, while gaily dressed girls, buxom housewives, sickly children, and thin, ill-fed men with lean and hungry eyes chattered, argued, whined and flirted in a never-ending stream past me. I stepped across to a pretty young girl of about sixteen, with two yellow braids wound around her head, who was selling fruit. Bright red apples, yellow lemons, and juicy oranges lay in perfect order on the stand. She, seeing I was a foreigner, proudly spoke to me in broken English.

"Wood madame like zeez citrones, gang frisch?" I bought some to please her, although lemons are expensive there, then I turned my attention to the cathedral. Never before had I seen such a fine display of Gothic architecture. Row upon row of exquisite carving rose on the spire till, finally, on the very peak, a gold cross shimmered in the morning sunlight. A few flying buttresses supported the walls with the stained glass windows. The mixture of Gothic

and Romanesque proved to be most pleasing, for although the cathedral was started in 1259 and was not completed till the fifteenth century, yet various types of architecture blended with a striking effect. Anxious to see the inside, we walked to the doorway. Here, again, we were forced to stop while we admired the carving on the doorway. Slowly, we walked around, lost in awe of its magnificent stateliness. There were a few people praying but they seemed unreal, as did everything, wrapped in the mystic cloak of silence. My friend, obviously not understanding it all, said that it was time to go. In a dream I followed. Once outside, the spell was broken. I realized I had been there an hour, yet it seemed scarcely five minutes. Reality was noisy and repulsive. With a sigh I turned my back on the cathedral and slowly walked on.

DOROTHY GOULDING,

Form II A.

### A RUNAWAY HORSE

A beautiful beast with a coat of gray  
Came galloping down the lane one  
day.

He ran and ran while the dust did fly  
Like gold up to the bright blue sky.

Still he ran on as if never to stop  
But soon he slowed to a gentle trot.  
Then under the scarlet maple trees  
He drank from a brook in the autumn  
breeze.

He raised his head from the running  
stream  
And on he ran till he couldn't be seen.  
Where he was running to, no one  
knew,  
But he ran and ran 'neath the sky of  
blue.

ANN GOODERHAM, Form II B.

Miss C. (at beginning of year):  
"Please start doing extra work now.  
Usually pupils wait till April and  
shower me with sentences.

### HOW THE TIMES CHANGE!

When Mary-Ann arrived at school,  
And hadn't learned a single rule,  
She had to go,  
With tears of woe,  
To sit upon the dunce's stool.

When Modern Miss arrives at nine,  
Knowing not a single sign,  
An hour's enough,  
Unless she's tough,  
To make her change her line.

PHYLLIS AGNEW, Form I A.





## St. George for Merrie England

In this year of the Coronation of George VI, the name of our King recalls to our minds that long ago England chose St. George for her patron saint.

Most British people are familiar with the legend of St. George slaying a fiery dragon which was about to devour a maiden. There is a fine picture of this in Windsor Castle showing St. George, in crimson and gold armour, slaying the dragon.

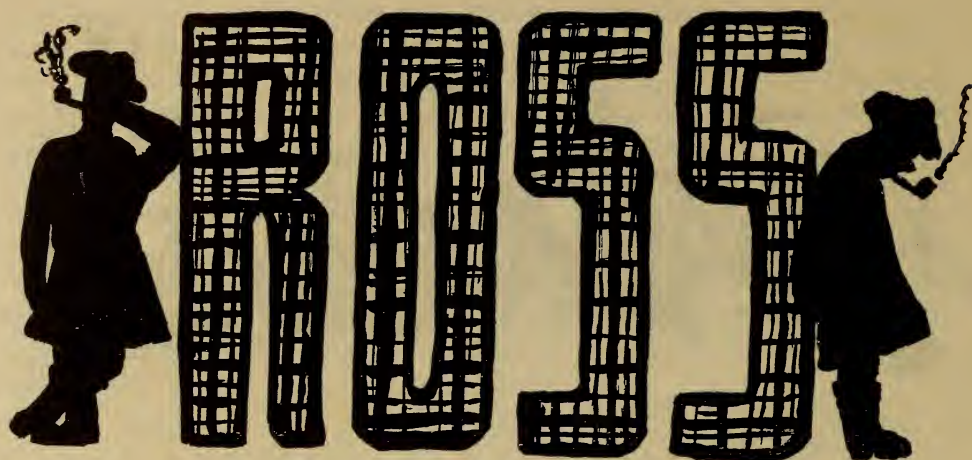
In St. George's Chapel the banners of the Knights of the Garter hang above the carved stalls. The Order of the Garter, also called the Order of St. George, is the highest order of chivalry and was instituted here. This honour is bestowed in the Throne Room of Windsor Castle. The Knight wears a gold collar made up of twelve links, representing garters, from which a pendant is suspended. This pendant is called "the George" because on it is pictured St. George slaying the dragon.

There is a very original representation of the legend in the clock over the door of Liberty's famous shop in Regent Street, London. If you are fortunate enough to arrive as the clock strikes, you will see a pair of figures, St. George on horseback pursuing a dragon. Each thrust of his sword represents one hour. To see the fascinated faces of delivery boys and shopkeepers you might think that they had never seen this sight before, but in reality many of these London people see it several times a day.

We believe that our new King will uphold England's honour and be worthy of his noble name, George VI.

MARY PERCY,  
Form II A.





### HORACE, Odes 1, 5

What slender youth with liquid per-  
fumes sprayed,  
Upon a bed composed of rosy  
flower,  
Comes wooing you today, oh Pyrrha,  
maid,  
Within your pleasant and secluded  
bower?

Those auburn tresses do you now bind  
back  
In simple elegance, for whose fond  
eyes?  
How often will that man bewail,  
alack,  
Your change of faith, no god to  
sympathize!

How he will gaze in newly born alarm  
At seas grown rough with black,  
ill-boding wings,  
Who now is doting on your golden  
charm,  
And of his hopes for your affection  
sings.

Poor youth! He knows not how the  
breeze may shift,  
But thinks to find you lovely to the  
end.  
Oh, wretched those that to your  
cavern drift,  
And whom, for one swift moment,  
you befriend!

But, as for me, the temple walls dis-  
play,  
By votive pictures, how I hung to  
dry  
My garments, dripping with the  
dang'rous spray,  
In praise of him on whom the waves  
rely.

K. CANNON, Form V.



## ROSS CLAN HISTORY

I. In the highlands, Clan Gille Andras,  
 (Mentioned in the Norseman's Sagas),  
 Chieftain son of Gilleon na H'airde  
 Was the ancestor of Aurias we've hearrd,  
 He became a Fairr earl and was brave,  
 But even then went to his grave.

II. Then Fearcher Macin Tagart  
 Took a hand and did his wee part to stop a rebellion in Scotland.  
 And for giving the good king a hand  
 At first he was made a "good knight",  
 Then, the Earl of Ross, just for spite (ad infinite).

III. The Rosses of Scottish descent,  
 Carry gules, three lions rampant.  
 The crest is a garland of laurel,  
 And their efforts at writing a chorale  
 Were realized in a march.  
 (This poetry needeth some starch.)

IV. The Rosses they wear a wee doublet,  
 And a belt of leather around it.  
 Some brogues are worn in Argyle,  
 Elsewhere they are not the style.  
 Although this is history in rhyme  
 You are not any wiser than I am.

SONIA WILLIAMS, Form V S.  
 and  
 ELIZABETH CALLOW,  
 Form IV A.



## MA BONNET

Wha' be you i' the fancy hat,  
 Wi' bonnet, an' plume, an' daud like that?  
 We canna tell whit's this we meet,  
 Havers, na!  
 Coom oot the bonnet an' show yer feet!

Yer no to laugh about my yin,  
 Yer ain shoogly bonnet will be flyin' shin!

The claes on you fer naethin' stan',  
 Havers, na!  
 But the tartan on me—fer a Scottish clan.

I like ma oosie, braw, Scotch bonnet  
 Wi' the flannen tartan an' toorie on it.  
 I'm no heedin' thim amockin'  
 Havers, na!  
 It's reel ginteel an' naethin' shockin'.

N. STIRRETT, Form V.



## FREEDOM

A lilting sea, a fresh'ning breeze,  
A cloudless, thrilling sky:  
Against the setting of vast space  
A single gull did fly.

And from that far off senseless speck  
There swooped and curved and rose  
and fell

A living, lilting joyous thing  
Which sang the song I longed to  
swell.

"Oh joy, oh joy!" it cried aloud,  
And plunged to meet th' embracing  
spray  
That sparkled as it silver spun  
The feathers that had once been  
gray.

"Oh life!" the blissful creature sighed,  
And rose to meet the pulsing sun—  
"Upon this blue and silver day  
My life has only just begun."

And still it banked and swooped and  
swung

On gliding wings with effort none,  
Proclaiming, as it paused and hung,  
"My happiness is never done."

I longed to free my bonded soul  
From all these petty, mundane  
things,

To share in great unhampered space  
The rhythm of those idling wings.

K. CANNON, Form V.

## A BRANKSOME DAY

(With apologies to Gertrude Stein).

I had breakfast,—I had eggs, coffee  
and toast for my breakfast, and then  
I went to school. School—girls  
hurrying,—little girls and big girls,  
hurrying and shouting and taking off  
their coats,—their coats and their hats.  
Then a bell,—clanging, echoing, clang-  
ing, echoing,—a loud bell, an insistent  
bell, a vile bell. And more hurrying,  
and then, quiet,—deep, profound.  
And, after we pray,—the clash, the  
battering of feet,—the shrill silly yab-  
yab of excited voices,—then more  
quiet, and then more bells, and then  
more noise, and then more quiet, and  
then more bells, and then more noise,  
—and, finally — recess. Recess —  
joyous cries, meaningless motions, and  
tangle of feet jerked about by giggling  
couples accompanied by loud jingles  
and shrill discords forced from an un-  
willing piano by the pianist. The  
pianist, with soulful expression,  
making ugly noises. A bell—a bell—  
and feet, and uproar and quiet and  
shouting and worry and work—until  
—another bell—a final bell—a blessed  
bell,—and,—Peace.

K. CANNON (Ross).





## The Vimy Memorial

Last summer five ships left Montreal harbour escorted by two gunboats. On board were over six thousand pilgrims off to France to see the unveiling of a great memorial in honour of those who died for their country at Vimy Ridge during the Great War.

This monument, standing at the top of a ridge, was designed by a Toronto sculptor, Mr. Allward. It took eleven years to build and cost the Canadian Government one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. From a massive stone base rise two pylons. There are twenty figures in all around the bottom and top of the monument; among these are Faith, Peace, Justice, Honour, and Sacrifice. At the front of the monument is a figure of "Canada Mourning Her Dead". On both sides are two figures, one representing "The Breaking of the Swords" and the other "Canadian Sympathy for the Helpless".

Many people throughout the Empire heard the unveiling ceremony which was broadcast on the radio. The former King Edward VIII unveiled the monument afterwards mingling with the crowds and reviewing the guard of honour, as well as the many different cavalry troops brought there for the occasion.

The memory of that great day will always live in the hearts of those who survived the Battle of Vimy Ridge.

AMY CORRIGAN,  
Form II B.

## JOKES

Miss R. (discussing Milton's L'Allegro): "And to whom does Milton refer when he mentions Pluto?"

M.P. (brightly): "Mickey Mouse's dog!"

A little girl came home from school one day and told her mother that she had had a lesson in Geography and that all the red part on the map belonged to the Mail and Empire.





# JUNIORS

## THE FAIRY GREEN

### Characters

*Elves*  
John  
Bobby  
Tinkler  
Nicky  
Noodle

*Nine*  
*Fire*  
*Flies*

*Fairies*  
Elsie  
Mary  
Kathleen  
Patsy  
Fairy Queen

### Scene One

Elsie (coming to Fairy Queen):  
"Oh dear! Oh dear! Those nasty humans have trampled all over our Fairy Green again. And it was so nice!"

Mary (coming in with Kathleen and Patsy): "Yes, what a shame! But we can fix it again."

Elsie: "Yes, I suppose we can."  
(Looks up and calls): "Tinkler, Tinkler."

Tinkler (running in): "What is it?"

Elsie: "Tinkler, do you think that you could ask old Mr. Weather to make tomorrow dark and dull so we can repair the Fairy Green?"

Tinkler: "Why, yes."

Elsie: "All right then, go now."

Tinkler: "Certainly." (Flies away.)

Kathleen: "Well, that's that. Shall we dance?"

Elsie: "All right." (They dance.)

Curtain.

### Scene Two

(It is night. The fire-flies are dancing on the Fairy Green.)

Patsy (coming from wood, softly):  
"Grand! Come hither gentle fire-flies."

Fire-flies (startled): "Who art thou?"

Patsy (in a low voice): "Only Patsy."

Fire-flies: "Welcome, Patsy."

Patsy (coming forward): "The fairies are coming to repair the Fairy Green, and they may not like you to stay here."

Fire-flies: "But we don't want to go."

Patsy: "Perhaps I can find a way out." (Goes to wood. The fairies are seated in a clearing.)

Patsy: "Now listen."

Elsie: "I know!" (Enter Tinkler).  
"Why, Tinkler! You can sprinkle dewdrops on the Fairy Green."

Kathleen: "Chase away the fire-flies, Elsie."

Patsy (to fire-flies): "There, I told you so."

Elsie (startled at hearing conversation): "Oh!"

Patsy: "It's only Patsy. The fire-flies would like to stay. Please let them."

Elsie: "All right. Let's dance." (They dance).

Curtain.

### Scene Three

(It is dark, but not night. The fairies are repairing the Fairy Green).

Kathleen (as Tinkler runs in): "Why, Tinkler!"

Tinkler: "Yes! I came to repair the Fairy Green."

Elsie: "Help to repair it, you mean."

Tinkler: "Yes, of course. Are you ready?"

Elsie (standing up): "I've finished my quarter."

Patsy: "I'm almost finished, too."

Tinkler: "All right then, I'll begin."

Elsie: "All right." (Moves away.)

Kathleen: "Gracious! I'm not half finished."

Elsie: "I'll help then."

Kathleen: "All right."

(Suddenly commotion is heard in woods. Bobby, John and Nicky Noodle appear).

John: "Hello, folks."

Patsy: "Hello, John."

Elsie: "Come and help us, boys."

Mary: "Help me."

Nicky: "All right."

Elsie: "Let's go, girls." (They run away.)

Mary: "I'm finished." (Runs off.)

Curtain.

### Scene Four

(The fairies are sitting on the Fairy Green. The Queen is making a speech).

Queen: "My children, you have

done my bidding, and I wish to reward you in some way. So, to the fire-flies I give the honor of lighting up the darkness." (They clap.)

Queen: "To the elves I give the power of lending a helping hand where needed." (More clapping.)

Queen: "To the fairies I give the power of bringing joy to children."

Fairies: "We thank thee, O Queen." (Fairies and elves go out dancing.)

Finis.

MARY RINGSLEBEN, Jr. II.

### EARACHE

Earache is an awful thing,

In fact, I have it now;

For all inside my auricles,

There is an awful row.

It sounds like guns and fireworks,

All popping in my head,

Until I want just nothing,

But to drop-down-dead.

JOAN CANNON, Jr. IV.







### A FRIEND TO FISHES

The poor little fishes in the pool  
 Look very cold and wet.  
 I wonder if I could coax one  
 To swim into my net.

I'd dry and warm him in the sun  
 And put him in my pail.  
 Then maybe if I fed him worms  
 He'd wag his funny tail.

JESSIE SIMPSON, Jr. IV.

I've seen a little Fairy,  
 She lives along our street.  
 They say her name is Mary,  
 She's dainty and she's sweet.

DIANA BECK, Jr. II.

### SOMETIMES

Sometimes I'm a postman,  
 Running from house to house.  
 Sometimes I'm a pussy-cat,  
 Just finished with a mouse.  
 Sometimes I'm an animal,  
 Sometimes I'm a toy.  
 But I often think it's lots more fun  
 Just to be a little boy.

JOAN CANNON, Jr. IV.

### WINTER SPORTS

It's fun to go out skiing,  
 Down the hill and over jumps.  
 The old folks like the level  
 'Cause they're scared of getting  
 bumps.  
 It's fun to sail an ice-boat,  
 It takes your breath away.  
 Sometimes the wind is not so good,  
 Then there you sit for the day.  
 SARAH SYMONS, Intermediate.

### A TROUBLESOME PUP

When I first got Jip, our little  
 puppy, he was about two months old.  
 One day when I came back from  
 school, instead of seeing Jip lying in  
 his basket asleep, I saw him taking  
 the feathers out of my mother's best  
 cushion. I ran and caught him before  
 he took all the feathers out. While  
 I went upstairs to get the vacuum  
 cleaner, I locked Jip in the cellar.  
 But by mistake the maid let him out.  
 I chased him round the house until he  
 went under a table. Then I left him  
 and went into the living-room and  
 started the vacuum to clean up the  
 feathers, but they flew all over me  
 and when the dog saw all the feathers,  
 he thought it would be fun to join me,  
 so he came into the room but was soon  
 chased out again. Every time I tried  
 to speak the feathers went into my  
 mouth. Then Jip and I had a lovely  
 warm bath and went to bed.

BETSY GREEN, Jr. III.

### FAIRIES DANCING

I like to hear the rain come down,  
 It makes a funny drumming sound.  
 It sounds like fairies dancing there  
 With sparkling gowns, and golden  
 hair.

ELIZABETH McBAIN, Form II.



### RINTY

My name is Rinty and I am a Sheepdog. My master is a farmer. The farm, Broad Acres, is just outside Orillia.

Every day my mother went out to look after the lambs. Once she took me with her. It was great fun; one lamb would go this way, another would go that way, and our duty was to keep them together so that they would not stray away. In a short time I got used to it. My mother was quite old, and one night when I was asleep she died, so now it is my duty to look after the sheep alone.

The next morning I got up and went out. It was raining. The sheep would stray away. It was very hard to keep them together without my mother's help. In a few days it was much easier, and in a little while my master got another dog, and it was easier still.

ANN SPENCE, Jr. III.

### NIGHT FROLICS

When we are safely tucked away,  
Little owls come out to play.  
They flit about and call to you,  
"Tu-whit, tu-whoo! Tu-whit, tu-whoo!"

BETSY GREEN, Jr. III.

### A LITTLE GIRL

Here is May,  
Bright and gay.  
She will stay  
And play all day.

SALLY SPENCE, Jr. I.

### RUSTY

Rusty is a dog I know,  
He always used to wear a bow.  
He used to run and jump and play,  
And exercise most every day.

But now he is so sleek and fat,  
He cannot even chase a cat.  
He snores by day, and howls by night,  
And very soon he'll lose his sight.  
MARGARET ANN McKEE, Jr. IV.

### HUSKY

We have a dog named Husky. He came down in an aeroplane. He was brought from Alaska. He is half-blind in one eye. He is nine years old. Every Sunday morning he barks for a bone because the maid next door always gives one to him. He was out at our farm for one summer. He sometimes comes over to the school.

KATHLEEN DEACON, Jr. III.



**DAN, A DAPPLE-GRAY HORSE**

As a very small colt, Dan had been owned by Major Cartwright, a cruel, hard man. He only bought horses to use them harshly for a while, and then sell them for a higher price, and so was disliked intensely by all the men whom he employed to work in his stables.

For a while Dan lived a lonely, hard-working life, and then a clever thought came to him. He suddenly realized that there was no reason why he should remain under the iron rule of his master. Dan decided to run away. The thought struck him when the Major himself was astride him. Deciding to carry out this plan as soon as they were out of sight of the stables, Dan broke into a quick trot. Far away from the stables Dan began to gallop, and galloped for all he was worth.

"Whoa!" yelled the Major, "Whoa!" Racing farther and farther into the clear, crisp, morning air, Dan suddenly stopped short, and with a mighty rear and buck, threw Major Cartwright right off his back.

Remaining still for a moment, every limb in his body quivering with excitement, Dan heaved a great sigh of relief. Then he cantered off towards the woods and freedom!

JOCELYN HODGE, Intermediate.

**MAY FAIRIES**

I love to dream of fairies in the merry month of May,

A time when all the toadstools grow and fairies are so gay.

The goblins and the gnomes all rush about and play,

And hide their fairy lanterns before the break of day.

The goblins all come out at night To sing and play 'neath a silver light.

The fairies all retire, when the morning sun gets up,

They hide among the flowers or in an acorn cup.

Perhaps if you get up some night in the merry month of May

You'll see the fairies dance about so happy and so gay.

ALAINE JACKSON, Intermediate.







### GYM DISPLAY

On the first of May, Varsity Arena was again the scene of our annual demonstration, which was presented before a very large audience. The programme opened with the Form March, led by the pipers and the prefects bearing the school flags, followed by the sub-prefects. After the singing of "God Save the King", the prefects placed the flags at one end of the arena and the school marched out.

The Primary class then entertained with several singing games and a relay race. Next, a display of fundamental gymnastics was given by a group of about two hundred senior girls. This consisted of co-ordinating and rhythmic exercises which were most effective. One very interesting and enjoyable part of the programme was the gymnastic exercises and tumbling performed by the Juniors. Their cartwheels, somersaults, hand-stands and final pyramid were excellent.

A special group from the Senior

school did some very fine balancing on forms to music, as well as exercises, vaulting and folk-dancing. In the eightsome reel the girls wore their tartan-trimmed tam o'shanter. They were led by the pipers and the reel was truly Scotch.

A feature of the evening which proved very popular with the audience was the Tactics to Music.

For the finale the school formed a wheel with eight spokes which moved around a circular platform on which the prefects stood holding the school flags. After several turns the wheel halted and everyone joined in the singing of "O Canada".

CAROL HENDRY  
(Clan Stewart).

### SWIMMING

A large and enthusiastic group participated in the life-saving classes and many awards were made.

Instructor's Certificates — Mary Holme and Nancy Walker.

Silver Medals—Eleanor Birkett, Leone Comstock, Ellenor Lackie, Jean Lander, Joyce Phillips, Barbara Thomas and Nancy Walker.

Bronze Medals—Nancy Baker, Joyce Bertram, Barbara Elliott, Diana Hawkins, Eleanor Reed and Josephine Taylor.

Intermediate Certificates—Margery Griffith, Suzette Livingston, Audrey Joy Lyons, Margann Stowe, Peggy Phair, Peggy Purvis and Nancy Watson.

The McLeans won the clan swimming meet that was held last fall.

In the various swimming meets, cups were won by Nancy Walker, Helen Franks and Audrey Joy Lyons for Senior, Intermediate and Junior Divisions respectively.

HELEN FRANKS  
(Clan Campbell).

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### BADMINTON

The Easter holidays brought a very active badminton season to a close. C. Bryans was the winner of the inter-clan singles tournament and C. Bryans and K. Cannon won the school doubles tournament which was not confined to clans. Quite a number of the girls took part in these tournaments and there seems to be a growing interest in the game. The school has had the use of the St. Paul's courts one afternoon a week during the badminton season and have also had the able instruction of Mr. Duffy. A group of girls spent two very enjoyable Saturday mornings at the Carleton Club and the Badminton and Racket Club. They also played a match with the B.S.S. girls.

There has been more interest shown in badminton this year than in any previous year, and we hope that there will be even more enthusiasm next year.

M. DIETRICH (Clan Stewart).

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### BASKETBALL

Basketball has always been one of the most popular sports of the fall term. This was certainly true this year, for the courts were filled every afternoon with enthusiastic players. More girls than ever took an active part in all the games and matches.

This was made possible by having a first and second team in every clan, as well as the four school teams. The competition between these clan teams was extremely keen. You could always tell by the excited cries and loud cheering when a clan game was being played. The MacGregors won the new trophy for clan basketball.

The four school teams all played Bishop Strachan and Havergal. The first and second also played St. Clements, the Old Girls and Hatfield. We were very sorry that we could not play a return match with Hatfield. There were some excellent and exciting games played and the scores were most gratifying.

#### First Team

Captain—Catherine Bryans.

Forwards—Janet Porteous, Anna Marie Smart.

Centres—Barbara Parker, Janet Davidson.

Guards—Barbara Thomas, Catherine Bryans.

Sub.—Margaret Parks.

C. BRYANS (Clan McLean).





### CLAN CHIEFTAINS

*McLeod—E. Plant. Campbell—H. Franks. Ross—E. Callow. MacGregor—J. Stirling.  
McLean—P. Gibbons. Stewart—A. M. Smart. Douglas—B. Parker. MacAlpine—P. Essery.*



### BASKETBALL

*Barbara Parker, Janet Porteous, Anna Marie Smart, Margaret Parks, Janet Davidson,  
Barbara Thomas, Catherine Bryans (Captain).*







The Annual Carol Service was held in Westminster United Church on Sunday evening, December 13th. The ceremony opened with a procession of girls who walked slowly up the aisle of the church singing "O Come All Ye Faithful". They were led by little Louise Walwyn holding aloft a silver star, immediately followed by the prefects carrying the school flags.

During the singing of an old lullaby, the lights were dimmed and a tableau depicting the birth of Christ was presented. The central figures were Mary and Joseph bending over a manger, while a group of angels clothed in white flowing robes formed a striking background.

The congregation joined with the school in the singing of the recessional, "Angels from the Realms of Glory," and a most impressive service was brought to a close.

JANET PORTEOUS (Clan Douglas)

### THE SCHOOL DANCE

On Friday evening, January 29th, the girls of the upper forms were entertained at a very enjoyable dance. Miss Read and Nancy Stirrett received the guests at the entrance to the gymnasium, which was strikingly decorated for the occasion. On the walls were silhouettes of skaters and skiers, while scattered among them were great bunches of balloons in the school colours stamped with the letters B.H.S.

The couples danced to the delightful music of Harry Munroe's orchestra. During the intermissions, the Fifth Form classroom, which had been converted into a lounge, was frequented by many.

Later in the evening refreshments were served in the dining room and the common room. At one-thirty the happy festivity came to an end.

ELIZABETH YOUNG

(Clan MacGregor).

## Opheleo

The Opheleo Society has existed in the school for many years and has to do mainly with the missionary and social service work which we undertake.

This year our activities commenced with our annual Ramabai week, during which time we collected \$307.17 and were able to send money to our Ramabai mission in India, and to our Indian orphan, Avantika. Of this money, the boarders saved \$40 by economizing on food. We held several "hot-dog" sales, and the clans helped a great deal by staging an entertainment on Friday night and charging a small admission. For this entertainment, some of the day girls very kindly brought candy and cake, which proved to be very popular.

We were able to provide Christmas baskets for about twelve poor families, and these contained not only food and canned goods, but also toys, clothing and bedding. Everybody contributed something, and the boxes were very gratefully received.

During Lent we collected and sent \$50 to the Branksome Hall bed in Ludhiana. The remaining money was used to help support our Indian teacher, Rhada, and to send a small subscription to the China Inland Mission. This has never been done before, and it was of particular interest as all our other charity funds for the East go to India. We were extremely fortunate in having, as the speaker at one of our Sunday evening services, Dr. Gaikwad, who was born near Ludhiana, and who lived there during her childhood. She was able to tell us many things about the customs and manners of the people, thus making our Lenten collection of much greater significance.

The summer term collection is devoted to sending children to Fresh Air Camps. The Strawberry Festival, which will be held on June 11th, takes care of a large part of this, but there will be eskimo pie sales as well, and we hope to be able to give happy summer holidays to more children than ever before.

This year has been an outstandingly successful one for the Opheleo Society, our total collections from Easter 1936 to Easter 1937 being \$697.31, which exceeds those of last year by over \$100.

HELEN SUTHERLAND

(Clan MacAlpine).

## Betta Kappa

The Friday night entertainments at Branksome this year have been most successful.

The first of these, "the gathering of the clans", was one of the noisiest but most enjoyable evenings of the whole year and afforded a good opportunity for the girls to become well acquainted.

The annual masquerade was enhanced by a skit put on by the members of the staff and by the appearance towards the end of the evening of a "candy apple" man. He, contrary to the custom, gave his apples away freely and, it is reported from the best authorities, was none other than our principal, Miss Read.



The school dance which Miss Read gives for us every year was an outstanding event. We tried something a little different from other years in the way of decorations by having silhouettes in the school colours on the walls.

As usual, each form in the school has put on a play, and the Fifth form play, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife", was repeated after the Alumnae dinner.

We have enjoyed the Friday night entertainments, not only because we have all taken part in them but because they have given us such a splendid opportunity of knowing one another better and of furthering the friendly spirit of the school.

BETTY HARRISON

(Clan McLean).

### LIBRARY DAY

The following have made gifts to the Library of books or money in connection with "Library Day".

Phyllis Agnew, Miss Armstrong, Mary Ruth Austin, Eleanor Birkett, Catherine Bryans, Jean Campbell, Katharine Cannon, Joan Cannon, Amy Corrigan, Miss Craig, Alice Cochrane, Joyce Caudwell, Elizabeth Dickie, Margaret Evans, Joy Ferguson, Joyce Frankel, Mary Gall, Ann Gooderham, Margery Griffith, Patricia Gundy, Margaret Harrison, Patricia Heighington, Eleanor Henderson, Dorothy Hewet-

son, Phyllis Holden, Mary Kinnear, Judith Knox, Audrey Lyons, Nancy-Belle Mann, Barbara Martin, Mary Mackinnon, Louise McLaughlin, Miss MacNeill, Jeanette McVicar, Jean Peacock, Mary Percy, Peggy Purvis, Eunice Plant, Jean Robertson, Phyllis Robinson, Miss Robinson, Marjorie Schuch, Helen Shearme, Miss Smellie, Barbara Spencer, Jean Stirling, Nancy Stirrett, Barbara Thomas, Miss Tyrrell, Nancy Tyrrell, Nancy Walker (1936), Penelope Waldie, Katherine Whitehead, June Whitehead.



SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD

## Calendar 1936-37

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| Sept. 9th—House Girls enter.                       | Jan. 15th—B. Ball, Staff vs. Girls.                 |
| Sept. 10th—School re-opened.                       | Jan. 29th—The Dance.                                |
| Sept. 11th—Cornboil at farm.                       | Feb. 4th—Massey Hall.                               |
| Sept. 18th—Gathering of the Clans.                 | Feb. 5th—Week-end.                                  |
| Sept. 22nd—First Form picnic.                      | Feb. 9th—Toronto Symphony.                          |
| Sept. 24th—"La Traviata".                          | Feb. 12th—Plays—Forms V S. and IV. S.               |
| Sept. 25th—Swimming Meet.                          | Feb. 14th—Moody Centenary Celebration.              |
| Sept. 26th—Miss Foster.                            | Feb. 18th—Rachmaninoff.                             |
| Sept. 29th—B. Ball, H.L.C. vs. B.H.                | Feb. 19th—Plays—Forms I and II.                     |
| Sept. 30th—"Hamlet".                               | Feb. 26th—Huntsville Week-end.                      |
| Oct. 2nd—B. Ball, Old Girls vs. Present.           | Mar. 5th—Plays—Form III.                            |
| Oct. 4th—Miss Nichol.                              | Mar. 12th—Dr. Gwakwad. Miss Lipkin.                 |
| Oct. 5th—Second and Fifth Form picnics.            | Mar. 19th—Skating Carnival.                         |
| Oct. 6th—B. Ball, B.H. vs. B.S.S., H.L.C. vs. B.H. | Apr. 6th—School re-opened.                          |
| Oct. 9th—Thanksgiving Week-end.                    | Apr. 10th—Alumnae dinner.                           |
| Oct. 16th—Ramabai.                                 | Apr. 13th—"Tannhauser". Miss Read left for England. |
| Oct. 27th—Alumnae Tea.                             | Apr. 16th—Plays—Form V Special.                     |
| Oct. 30th—Masquerade.                              | Apr. 23rd—Tennis—Perry vs. Hines.                   |
| Oct. 31st—"The Great Waltz".                       | May 1st—Gym. Display.                               |
| Nov. 5th—Five-piano recital.                       | May 7th—Pictures—Miss Smellie.                      |
| Nov. 8th—Wm. Carr Harris.                          | May 9th—Harp Recital.                               |
| Nov. 9th—French House picnic.                      | May 12th—Coronation Day. Picnic at farm.            |
| Nov. 11th—Miss Gullan.                             | May 21st—Long Week-end.                             |
| Nov. 13th—Plays—Fourth Form.                       | May 23rd—Miss Read returned.                        |
| Nov. 14th—Short Week-end.                          | May 28th—Swimming Competition.                      |
| Nov. 17th—Toronto Symphony.                        | May 29th—Piano Recital.                             |
| Nov. 20th—Play—Fifth Form.                         | May 31st—Sports Day.                                |
| Nov. 24th—Winter Fair.                             | June 4th—Picnic.                                    |
| Dec. 4th—Russian Ballet.                           | June 11th—Strawberry Festival.                      |
| Dec. 6th—Mrs. Houghton.                            | June 14th—Closing.                                  |
| Dec. 8th—Heifitz.                                  |   |
| Dec. 13th—Carol Service.                           |   |
| Dec. 18th—Christmas Dinner.                        |   |
| Jan. 11th—School re-opened.                        |   |

# EXCHANGES



*The "Pibroch," Strathallan School,  
Hamilton.*

A very attractive magazine. Your poems and articles are outstanding.

*"The Edgehill Review," Edgehill,  
Windsor, Nova Scotia.*

A variegated and very readable magazine in which the school news is capably and vividly reported.

*"The Heliconian," Moulton College,  
Toronto.*

Interesting articles. A few more drawings would add interest to your pages.

*"Trafalgar Echoes," Trafalgar  
Institute, Montreal.*

A well-arranged magazine. We have the greatest admiration for your ambitious French Section.

*"The Bishop Strachan School  
Magazine," Toronto.*

A very interesting magazine with excellent literary work.

*"Hatfield Hall Magazine,"  
Cobourg, Ontario.*

Good photographs and a fine sports section.

*"St. Andrew's College Review,"  
Aurora, Ontario.*

An excellent magazine with every department in the school well represented.

*"The Ovenden Chronicle," Barrie.*

Interesting variety of articles. Could we suggest a few more drawings.



"The Branksome Slogan" takes great pleasure in acknowledging the following:

"The Croftonian," Crofton House School, Vancouver.

"College Times and In Between Times," Upper Canada College.

"St. Andrew's College Review," Saint Andrew's College.

"The Study Chronical," The Study, Montreal.

"Westward Ho," Western Technical Commercial School.

"Westmount High School Annual," Westmount, Quebec.

"Olla Podrida," Halifax Ladies' College, Halifax.

"Northland Echoes," North Bay College Institute, North Bay.

"Annual," Burnaby South High School, B.C.

"The Adventure," Magee High School, Vancouver.

"The Tallow Dip," Netherwood, Rothesay.

"The Eagle," Rupert's Land College.

"The Voyageur," Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont.

E. BIRKETT and K. CANNON.

## Prefects

Nancy Stirrett

"A ready, yet a tactful wit,  
A helping hand for everyone.  
The knack of making friends of all  
and enemies of none."  
Comes from Toronto.

Positions held—Head Girl and  
Honorary President of Ophleo and  
Beta Kappa Societies.  
Has attended B.H.S. ten years.  
Next year—Plans to attend Varsity.

**T**ALENTED

—Jean Lander.  
Comes from Toronto.  
Position held—Secretary of the Beta Kappa.  
Has attended B.H.S. five years.  
Next year—Plans to attend Varsity.



**H**ARMONIOUS

—Betty Marshall.  
Comes from Toronto.  
Position held—Secretary of the Ophleo.  
Has attended B.H.S. six years.



**E**ARNEST

—Margaret Davison.  
Comes from Welland.  
Positions held—Vice-pres. of Ophleo.  
Captain of the second basketball team.  
Has attended B.H.S. five years.



## POISED

—Helen Sutherland.  
Comes from Hamilton.  
Positions held—President of Beta Kappa,  
President of Form V Special.  
Has attended B.H.S. two years.  
Next year—Plans to attend Varsity.



## RESPONSIBLE

—Kathleen Stambaugh.  
Comes from Hamilton.  
Position held—Vice-pres. of Beta Kappa.  
Has attended B.H.S. four and a half years.



## ENTERPRISING

—Katharine Cannon.  
Comes from Toronto.  
Position held—Editor of Branksome Slogan.  
Has attended B.H.S. eight years.  
Next year—Plans to attend Varsity.



## FRIENDLY

—Janet Davidson.  
Comes from Toronto.  
Position held—President of Fifth Form.  
Has attended B.H.S. five years.  
Next year—Plans to enter School of Nursing.



## ENTHUSIASTIC

—Betty Harrison.  
Comes from Toronto.  
Position held—President of the Beta Kappa.  
Has attended B.H.S. five years.  
Next year—Plans to attend Varsity.



## CONSCIENTIOUS

—Eunice Plant.  
Comes from Toronto.  
Position held—Chieftain of the McLeod Clan.  
Has attended B.H.S. two years.



## THOROUGH

—Jeanette McVicar.  
Comes from Toronto.  
Position held—Treasurer of the Beta Kappa.  
Has attended B.H.S. six years.



## SPORTING

—Catherine Bryans.  
Comes from Toronto.  
Positions held—Treasurer of the Opheleo,  
Captain of the first basketball team.  
Has attended B.H.S. five years.  
Next year—Plans to attend Varsity.







*HEAD GIRL*  
*Nancy Stirrett*



*PREFECTS*

1. *Jeanette McVicar, Margaret Davison, Helen Sutherland, Jean Lander, Catherine Bryans.*
2. *Betty Marshall, Katharine Cannon, Nancy Stirrett, Kay Stambough, Janet Davidson.*
3. *Betty Harrison, Eunice Plant.*





It is with much pleasure that I present the Secretary's Report of the Branksome Hall Alumnae for the year 1936-1937.

Three executive meetings were held at the School to formulate plans for the year. Two notices were sent out; the first giving the date of a Tea, with a card enclosure of sewing meetings to be held Tuesday afternoons; the second, an invitation to a Bridge, with a reminder to the girls to come and play or, still better, get up a table. This notice was followed by a telephone call from a member of the executive. We tried to contact each member.

On October 27th, a Tea was held at the school to raise funds for sewing materials used in making layettes. A large number of girls turned out, and after being received by Miss Read and the President, Mary McLean, they enjoyed meeting old friends over a cup of tea.

A most successful Bridge was held on February 9th, when some fifty

tables enjoyed a game. Many unable to play dropped in at the tea hour. Prizes donated by the alumnae executive were drawn for by Miss Read.

Twelve sewing meetings were held during the year, Daisy Robertson Gall proving a most efficient sewing convenor. Seventeen layettes were completed. These reunions were much enjoyed by all and we hope to have as enthusiastic a crowd next year.

About three hundred girls dined with Miss Read at the School, Saturday evening, April 10th, after which the annual meeting was held and, later, a most amusing and well-acted play by the girls of the graduating class was given.

After toasts to the King, the School, the Alumnae and the Graduating Class, Miss Robinson spoke of the school library, telling how much the girls make use of the library, and what pleasure is derived by the varied types of books which it contains. She spoke of Library Day, held each year, and urged the girls to send in a book,

not necessarily a new one. Miss Robinson also explained about the "shelves" which may be endowed. Miss Read then addressed the girls, told of the recent additions to the school and of the Alumnae meetings held in London, Vancouver and New York, at all of which she had been present.

The President, Mary McLean, told of the activities of the Alumnae and called on the various officers to read their reports. The following officers were elected for the coming year:—  
Hon. President—Miss Read.

President—Mary Hanna Hall.

First Vice-President—Margaret Mac-  
lennan Smythe.

Second Vice-President—Irla Mueller.

Secretary—Gladys Simpson Brown.

Treasurer—Joan Knowlton.

Social Convenor—Mizpah Sussex  
Lithgow.

Sewing Convenor—Daisy Robertson  
Gall.

Slogan Representative—Ainslie Mc-  
Michael.

Committee—Lois Barron Plant, Mabel  
Russell Davey, Rita Bristol Foster,  
Elsie Woods, Nancy Stirrett, Nan  
Gooch Hutchinson, Mary Wardlaw,  
Mary McLean, Donalda Macleod.

As usual, members of the Alumnae  
acted as ushers at the Gymnasium  
Demonstration held at the Varsity  
Arena, May first.

The garden party is another event  
to which the Alumnae are invited by  
Miss Read. This year it is to be held  
June fourteenth.

MARY HANNA HALL,

Secretary.

## AMOUNTS RAISED BY BRANKSOME HALL ALUMNAE FOR PRIZES, SCHOLARSHIPS AND MEMORIALS

### PRIZES

Christine Auld      Nora Eaton  
Margaret Eaton  
Lenore Gooderham      Cherry  
Mary Gooderham  
Mary Hanna Hall  
Margaret Henderson  
Phyllis Hollinrake      Florence Kemp  
Shirley McEvoy      Mary McLean  
Muriel Moore Bragg  
Resident Pupils  
Helen Richardson  
Isabel and Susan Ross  
Jean Ross  
Eleanor Ross Stewart  
Elizabeth Scott Warren  
Margery Watson Tow

Total \$2,700.

### SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Total \$8,500.

### MEMORIALS

Ethel Ames Coombs  
Ruth Caven  
Norah Campbell  
Mildred Eaton  
Jean Hume  
Margaret T. Scott  
Dora Olive Thompson

Total \$4,100.

### LIBRARY ENDOWMENT

Margaret Gilmour  
Margaret Phippen McKee  
Margaret Ann McKee  
Susan Smith

Total \$1,300.

GRAND TOTAL \$16,600.

Amount raised by the Alumnae this year—\$2,100.

JEAN MORTON, Treasurer,  
Scholarship Fund.



On November 25th, Miss Read, accompanied by Mary McLean, Edythe Hewitt, Margaret Henderson and Daisy Robertson Gall, went to London, where a luncheon of "Old Girls" was held at the London Hunt and Country Club. Mary Barker and Sterling Westland Robertson were responsible for the arrangements. The Londoners present were:—Mary Barker, Betty Stambaugh, Betty Piersol Campbell, Betty Loynes, Grace Hawke Austin, Margaret McInnes Roy, Elinor Green Low, Kathleen White Gillanders, Margaret Johnston White, Jean Jarvis Rechnitzer, Catherine Dewar Dearberg, Shirley Johnston, Myrtle McCannell Taylor, and Sterling Westland Robertson. Ivy McDonald Galbraith came from Appin, Kathleen Cowan Jackson from Simcoe, and Muriel Harold from Paris. Irla Mueller and Helen Smith Harper motored over from Waterloo and the following came from St. Thomas:—Jean Mickleborough King, Muriel Sinclair, Trudie Green, Mary Morley, Grace Cochrane Davey and Marion Stodart Smith. Winnifred Gray Goodeve and Katherine McVean Piggott of Chatham were also there.

Sterling Westland Robertson made a speech to which Miss Read responded. Mary McLean, Margaret Henderson and Daisy Robertson Gall also spoke.

Jean Mickleborough King boasts a grown-up daughter and a son aged seven. Marion Stodart Smith has two daughters. Kathleen White Gillanders has one of each kind, as has Margaret Johnston White. Jean Jarvis Rechnitzer's boy, Peter, is ten years old and Catherine Dewar Dearberg has a future Branksomeite who is now two years old. Helen Smith Harper's children are boys aged eight and four. Kathleen Cowan Jackson's sons, George and Ernest, are eleven and one year old. Grace Cochrane Davey has a four-year-old daughter, Nancy-Jane, Winnifred Gray Goodeve has two daughters and a son, and Myrtle McCannell Taylor has a boy, Joseph.

Betty Loynes, who is now a doctor, is an interne in an Ontario hospital.



Miss Read was in Vancouver during the Christmas holidays attending the meetings of the Association of Head Mistresses of Canada of which she is President. Louise and Trudeau Spencer gave a luncheon, during her stay, for the Vancouver alumnae. Needless to say the girls were delighted to have the opportunity of seeing Miss Read and having news of their alma mater.

On March 6th, Margaret McGlashan McAlpin gave a luncheon at the Hotel Stockholm for Miss Read and Branksome Alumnae living in New York City and vicinity. The following were present:—Isabel Lundy, who is at Columbia taking a course in advertising, Clare Brown, at the same university studying Student Personal Administration leading to the degree of Doctor of Education, Nora Eaton in the Interior Decoration department of W. & J. Sloane, Helen Richardson Stearns, who, by the way, is returning to Toronto this summer to reside, Mary Campbell Ga Nun, personal secretary to John D. Rockefeller the third, and Helen Lugsdin, who is also doing secretarial work. Marjorie Torrie and Audrey and Martha Towl, who are taking secretarial courses, and Janet Garfield at Sarah Lawrence College. Myrtle Putnam Evans, the directress of a convalescent home, and Dorothy Greig Wheeler, who is the Home Service Editor of the New York Woman Magazine. Laura B. Ellis, the contralto of the Municipal Opera Association, and Betty White, who is studying art. Helen McCully, with the firm of Andrews, Davis & Platte, Constance Cram Lawson and Kathleen McDougal Andrews. Jean Baillie Bose, Mary McCormack Draper, Margaret Smith Wright and Lois Brooke Harshaw, who each have one child, also Kathleen Freel Vernor, who has two boys. Constance Cann Wolf motored over from Philadelphia. Miss Read also saw Marion Cann Andolsek and Vera Shatford, who were unable to be present at the reunion.

Dorothy Stock won the Hamilton Fisk Biggar Scholarship for standing first in her course at the University of Toronto and the Regent's Scholarship for obtaining first-class honours in her second and third years. Ruth Stock graduated in Sociology, June, 1936, and is now on the permanent staff of the Neighbourhood Workers. Marion Plaunt was among the first six graduates of the School of Nursing, Toronto University. The school is the first of its kind in Canada, and one of the few in the world, to give under the aegis of a university thorough three years' training, not only in hospital nursing but also in public health and community nursing.

Charlotte Abbott graduated with honours from Queen's, and Barbara Graham obtained her B.A. at the same university, May, 1937. Helen Spencer is at Cornell University, Ithica, N.Y., studying Hotel Administration, Jean McKee is taking a nursing course at the University of Washington, Seattle, Edith Ely is attending Bradford College, Bradford, Mass., and Betty Flavell is at the Knox School, Cooperstown, N.Y. Daphne Mitchell and Muriel Armstrong are at McGill, from which college Eleanor Henry has just graduated, obtaining first-class honours in English and second-class honours in History. Marion Little is at Dalhousie; she and her partner represented Halifax and won the badminton doubles when they played in St. Stephen,

N.B., last autumn. The following are at the University of Toronto:—Helen Dorfman, Margaret Clancey, Catherine Matthews, Greta Riddell, Phyllis Sinclair, Kathleen Hair and Elizabeth Trees.

Philippa Chapman is in London, England, studying piano with Mr. Howard Jones. Betty McNeely is taking a course in Interior Decoration at school in Los Angeles and Rosamund McCoy is doing practical work in Miami, Florida. Roberta Johnston is taking a business course at Ottawa Ladies' College, and Eleanor Hughes, Margaret Patterson and Vivien Campbell are at Shaw's, Toronto. Helen Langford is taking classes at the University of Saskatchewan and is teaching kindergarten once a week. Ruth Hamilton is teaching the primary class at Havergal, where Gretchen Heyd is teaching Spanish. Gretchen is also tutoring in this subject at Branksome. Virginia Beatson Case is principal of the Home Instruction Group, York Township.

Milly Enge has a position with Clarke's Tours, Guatemala City. Betty Evans is in the training department of Marshall Field's, Chicago, and Barbara Caulfield is with Eaton's, Toronto. Maude and Helen Lacey are running a tea shop at 105 Bloor St. W., Lorna McFadgen is a psychiatric social worker in the Ontario Hospital for the Insane. Marjorie Sherlock is librarian at the University of Saskatoon, and Marion Thomson has a position with a life insurance company. Phyllis Calvert is in the White Elephant Barter Shop. Ruth Running is with the Globe & Mail newspaper, and Margaret Henderson is teaching swimming at Branksome. Ora Forster has organized classes in lip-reading in the public schools of Winnipeg and is also working with an adult section. In February she wrote a radio broadcast which was given under the auspices of the Board of Health and Readjustments.

Lillice Read spent last summer and autumn working with the Victorian Order of Nurses and was, for a short time, relieving nurse at the Red Cross Outpost, Jellicoe. Katharine Lea obtained highest standing in the final examinations at the Sick Children's Hospital, June, 1936. Betty Williamson and Louise Jamieson are nurses-in-training at the Wellesley, at which hospital Evelyn McAlpine is superintendent of the obstetrical floor.

Nora Conklin, who is contralto soloist at Walmer Road Baptist Church, gave a recital at the Toronto Conservatory in April. One of the critics said of her: "Nora Conklin is a western contralto with a voice that would be distinctive in any clime or language. Her recital on Saturday opened with classic arias by Gluck and Scarlatti, in splendid style, form and tempo, but only the Gluck quite suited the majority of her tone, which in exotic quality is at times slightly like Marion Anderson's and in oratoria distinction rather like Clara Butt's used to be."

Dorothy Caley won the five figure skating championship, ladies' singles, in Montreal, and Eleanor Wilson was fifth. Gillian Watson and her partner were the winners of the Col. Kirkpatrick shield for best lady and gentleman skater of the year at the Toronto Skating Club. Gillian also won a silver medal. Audrey Miller has also made a name for herself in fancy skating.

Susan Ross' horse "Robin" won the sweepstakes at the Toronto Exhibition last September and Margaret Eaton won a challenge trophy at the Toronto Horse Show, May, 1936. A newspaper reported the event as follows: "A feature of last night's show was the brilliant and faultless riding of Margaret Eaton which won her the Sir Henry Pellatt Challenge Trophy, one of the most coveted awards of the show" which goes to the best amateur member of a hunt club in the corinthian class. Margaret Phippen McKee and Muriel Scholfield Grant are two Vice-Presidents of the Toronto Humane Society. Peggy Waldie is secretary and Mary Kingsmill convenor of the Emergency Squad of this society.

Irma Brock Fellowes, Constance Cann Wolf and Mary McLean are the latest additions to the Alumnae Life Members. The daughter of the late Norah Wilson Cragg and a niece of the late Maud Kern are in the residence this year. Trudean and Louise Spencer, Marion Templeton, Lillice Read and Catherine Wilks send us sisters and the daughters of the following entered the day school last September:—Jean Cumming Elliott, Mima Jenkins Hawkins, Marjorie Brodie Henry, Helen Ballantyne Kemp, Florence Boyle Robinson, Jean McTavish Van Wyck, Marjorie Bone Walwyn, Jean Stark Trees and Louise MacLennan Whitehead. Mary Wardlaw's two nieces are also with us.

Those who were abroad last summer include Annella Minnes, Mary and Betty Becker, Helen Kingston, Evelyn McAlpine, Vivien Campbell, Ruth Bothwell Wansborough, Roma Wilson, Helen Ross Mackay, and among those who went abroad for the Coronation are Gertrude Boothe, Helen Rooke, Marian Miller, Elizabeth Alport, Christine Auld, Peggy Waldie and Jean Morton, also Irla Mueller, who is spending the summer abroad and expects to visit Helen Anderson Magnusson in Sweden before returning to Canada. Esther McWaters and Miriam and Dora Fox spent the winter in Arizona. Doris Sweeney, Virginia Copping, Betty Russell, Mary Kingsmill, Lily Shannon Plant, Jean Hendry, Ruth and Jane Wilson and Mary Gibson were in various parts of the south. Dorothy Hardy visited Australia and the Fiji Islands last autumn. Jean Adele Burritt sailed for England in February where she competed in tennis tournaments.

Betty Assheton Smith and Jane Lumbers were two of Arnold Gooderham Willoughby's bridesmaids, and Helen Richardson Stearns had Ruth Hamilton, Nora Eaton and Isabel Adams, while Margaret Henderson Corrigan chose Ruth Beatson, Keith Kerr and Mary and Winnifred Gibson. Ruth caught the bride's bouquet.

Joan Knowlton and Dorothy Knowlton Russell were Ruth Knowlton McEvoy's attendants. Christine Auld accompanied Margaret Donald Elgie up the aisle and Helen White and Barbara Caulfield performed the same office for Dorothy White Davis.

Marion Coote Benson is living in Honolulu, Grace Bone Merritt in Vancouver, and Mary Kingston Henry comes from Vancouver to live in Toronto. While marriage takes Florence Wilson Thompson to Montreal, it brings Audrey



Shaw Kyle from Montreal to Toronto. Marjorie Walker Bechelloni is living in Italy and may be addressed 16 Piazza Donatello, Florence. Helen Bradley McDonald is another addition to the Montreal Alumnae and Nannette Walker Whitehead is living in the Philippines.

Miss Read sailed the middle of April for England to attend the Coronation celebrations and, needless to say, enjoyed it all thoroughly. She had a seat in front of Canada House on the big day and twelve Branksome old girls were in the same block of seats. It was hoped that a luncheon might be arranged, but with so much going on it was impossible to get the group together. Miss Read had luncheon with Mary Hendrie Cumming and, on another occasion, with Irla Mueller, Hazel Wilkinson Russell and Mary Wardlaw (Galt).

The following Old Girls visited the school:—Millicent Raymond, Janet Garfield, Edith Ely, Margaret Baker Du Bois, Peggy McRae, Charlotte Abbott, Mary Tyrrell Dalton, Clare Brown, Helen Shaw, Frances Read, Ruth Mudie, Donna Burns, Eleanor Mackay Coffey, Chika Ubukata Nicolau, Margaret Boughton and Momiji Ubukata Fujinami.

## Births

Ruth Capp Standerwick, a son, April 22nd.  
 Mary Kemple Stewart, a daughter, May 15th.  
 Ruth Horrocks Brown, a daughter, May 21st.  
 Ruth Goulding Lenz, a son, May 24th.  
 Dorothy Goring Bright, a daughter, June 4th.  
 Margaret Dunoon Bick, a son, June 8th.  
 Mary Parsons Telford, a daughter, June 20th.  
 Vivienne Lewis Northway, a daughter, June 22nd.  
 Virginia Gundy Thomson, a son, June 24th.  
 Edith Burchell Strickland, a daughter, June 29th.  
 Mary Baird Wilson, a son, July 9th.  
 Marjorie MacGillivray Armstrong, a daughter, July 27th.  
 Margaret Doherty Engholm, a daughter, July 27th.  
 Mary Rodger Collier, a daughter, August 7th.  
 Daphne Boone Sams, a son, August 7th.  
 Helen Phillips Hicks, a son, August 13th.  
 Kathleen Cowan Jackson, a son, August 14th.  
 St. Claire Macdonald Mackendrick, a son, September 13th.  
 Muriel MacAgy Snell, a son, September 15th.  
 Janet Gibson VanEvery, a daughter, September 21st.  
 Elizabeth Sheppard Brodie, a son, September 22nd.  
 Miriam Walters Gentles, a son, September 26th.  
 Jean Rutherford Rhodes, a daughter, October 4th.  
 Norah Connell Wilson, a son, October 4th.  
 Elizabeth Bryden Dickson, a son, October 14th.

Lenore Gooderham Cherry, a son, October 18th.  
Lois Coryell Gray, a son, October 23rd.  
Jean McKiggan Hadley, a son, October.  
Marion Cantley Hayden, a daughter, October.  
Mary Clare Moss, a son, November 4th.  
Joan Shaw Caldwell, a daughter, November 11th.  
Shirley Lind Chelew, a son, November 19th.  
Frances Clark Boeckh, a daughter, November 20th.  
Jacqueline Sinclair Blackwell, a son, November 28th.  
Alice Watson Fleming, a son, December 10th.  
Margaret Beaton Marshall, a son, December 25th.  
Helen Anderson Magnusson, a daughter, December 29th.  
Helen Rutherford Bunting, a son, December 29th.  
Helen Russel Parkes, a daughter, January 13th.  
Charlotte Bishop Millen, a daughter, January 13th.  
Margaret Smyth Smith, a daughter, January 17th.  
Kathleen Harding Bell, a daughter, January 18th.  
Jean Wilkinson Shaw, a daughter, January 29th.  
Jessie Winchester Moore, a daughter, January.  
Brook Pack Schurman, a son, February 12th.  
Elizabeth Scott Warren, a daughter, February 17th.  
Katheline Carpenter Egner, a daughter, February 22nd.  
Norah Deacon McConnell, a son, March 1st.  
Kathleen Kennedy Rennie, a son, March 14th.  
Phyllis May Ellis, a son, March 15th.  
Nancy Stocking Hoen, a son, March 18th.  
Justine Campbell Richardson, a daughter, March 27th.  
Ray Gordon O'Reilly, a son, April 9th.  
Frances Whitman Davies, a daughter, April 12th.  
Helen Playfair Godwin, a son, April 16th.  
Blanche Burton Wessels, a son, April 20th.  
Margaret Shaw Barrett, a son, April 25th.  
Isabel Wilson Ramsay, a son, April 27th.

## Marriages

Elinor Green to Chas. Adamson Low, May 29th.  
Elizabeth Osborne to Charles Jennings, June 6th.  
Alice Manbert to A. David Langmuir, June 15th.  
Marion Breay to J. Robert Beale, Jr., June 20th.  
Florence Wilson to Kenneth M. Thompson, June 20th.  
Vivian Dennis to Wm. Kirkwood Thompson, June 27th.  
Marion Coote to Robt. G. Benson, June.  
Jessica Johnston Phippen to Donald Grant, July 4th.  
Geraldine Barber to Wm. Lundy, July 16th.

Lois Plant to Wm. Harwood Barron, August 22nd.  
 Margaret Caudwell to Robt. M. Ferguson, August.  
 Helen Hartwick to Jas. Rutley Grand, September 2nd.  
 Florence Bibby to H. LeRoy Thoman, September 7th.  
 Valerie Franklin Jones to David G. Guest, September 19th.  
 Dorothy White to Aubrey J. Davis, September 21st.  
 Constance Cram to Donald Lawson, September 26th.  
 Barbara Lee to John Wm. Parker, September 26th.  
 Helen Smart to Aubrey Medland, September 26th.  
 Helen Simpson to John L. Walker, September.  
 Louise Allen to Kendrick T. Whyte, September.  
 Arnold Gooderham to John W. Willoughby, October 3rd.  
 Nan McLaren to Ivan H. Martin, October 9th.  
 Margaret Donald to Howard R. Elgie, October 10th.  
 Helen Richardson to Marshal Stearns, Jr., October 17th.  
 Adele Windeler to Jas. A. Williams, November 8th.  
 Verne McNichol to Ernest Legate, November 14th.  
 Constance Innes to Harold Franklin Smith, November 21st.  
 Grace Bone to Chas. C. I. Merritt, January 1st.  
 Virginia Beatson to Jack G. Case, January 2nd.  
 Jeanette Johnston to Stewart C. Legge, January 16th.  
 Frances Smith to John T. Zuill, January 16th.  
 Mary Walker to George Ryan, January 24th.  
 Marjorie Walker to Rodolfo Bechelloni, February 6th.  
 Audrey Shaw to George A. Kyle, February 6th.  
 Mary Kingston to Frank S. Henry, February 12th.  
 Phyllis Cook to F. Kenneth Carlisle, February 20th.  
 June Warren to J. Thorburn Symons, March 15th.  
 Sally Baker to Gordon F. Macdonnell, March 30th.  
 Dorothy Harding to Geo. Graham Sinclair, April 24th.  
 Phyllis White to Robt. Anson Fraser, April 29th.  
 Margaret Henderson to John S. Corrigan, May 1st.  
 Ruth Knowlton to Bernard McEvoy, May 8th.

## Staff

### BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. J. O. McNally (Miss Edith Jones), a son, December 18th.  
 To Mr. and Mrs. Allan Roy (Miss Florence Forbes), a son, April 2nd.

### MARRIAGES

Miss Avis W. Anderson to Mr. Crawford E. Gamey, July 27th.

### DEATHS

Miss Mary Johnston, January 15th.



## Deaths

Nancy, eldest daughter of Mary Rodger Collier, August 22nd.

John Mollott, husband of Elsie Pense Mollott, September.

Charles Brady, husband of Mildred Equi Brady, October 6th.

William, eldest son of Lenore Gooderham Cherry, November 2nd.

George Murray, husband of Sharmion Richardson Murray, November 9th.

Elizabeth, daughter of Katheline Carpenter Egener, February 25th.

Barry, son of Jacqueline Sinclair Blackwell, April 2nd.

Jane, daughter of Frances Whitman Davies, April 13th.

## In Memoriam

Doris Savage Hall, February 4th.

SOME OF OUR SUCCESSFUL ALUMNAE

# FINAL SUMMER SALE

Store Must Close July 1, for Alterations



BRAND-NEW SUMMER MERCHANDISE JUST UNPACKED



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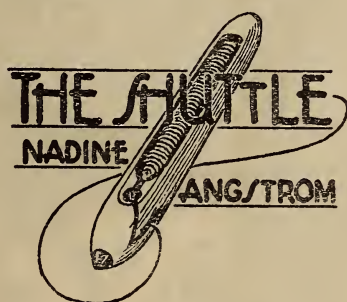
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## INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

A		L	
	Page		Page
Nadine Angstrom .....	71	Langley's .....	8
Elizabeth Arden .....	15	Loblaw Groceries Co. Ltd. ....	6
Miss T. Armstrong .....	78	James Lumbers Co. Ltd. ....	81
B		M	
Baker Carpet Cleaning Co. ....	85	MacIver Co. ....	84
Barkers Bread Ltd. ....	12	Mary Olivia Shop .....	71
Bank of Nova Scotia .....	73	Harry T. Munro .....	87
Belyea Bros. Ltd. ....	92	Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada ..	3
Bi-a-cake Food Shop .....	78	N	
Birks-Ellis-Ryrie Ltd. ....	1	National Stationers Ltd. ....	9
H. & C. Blachford Ltd. ....	83	Wm. Neilson Ltd. ....	72
P. S. Blachford .....	90	P	
W. T. Boulger .....	84	Panoramic Photography Co. ....	83
British American Oil Co. Ltd. ....	76	A. T. Parsons Co. ....	11
C		Percy the Optician .....	85
Canada Packers Ltd. ....	87	Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons (Canada) Ltd. ....	81
Carnahan's Drug Stores Ltd. ....	79	Q	
Mrs. M. Chambers .....	89	Queen's Tea Room .....	14
City Dairy Co. Ltd. ....	4	R	
George Coles Ltd. ....	13	Lionel Rawlinson Ltd. ....	11
Leone Coon Beauty Salon .....	83	Reed-Canadian Engravers Ltd. ....	80
Copp Clark Co. Ltd. ....	10	Robertson Bros. Ltd. ....	84
D		Routleys Ltd. ....	86
F. H. Deacon & Co. ....	2	Rosedale Beauty Salon .....	85
Deer Park Livery .....	77	S	
E. F. Defoe .....	89	St. Andrew's College .....	7
Dickie Construction Co. Ltd. ....	87	Sandham Company .....	9
Diet Kitchen Tea Rooms .....	81	A. M. Shook & Co. ....	14
Jean Duncan .....	78	The Silk Store .....	13
E		Robt. Simpson Co. Ltd. ....	Back Cover
T. Eaton Co. Ltd. ....	Inside Front Cover	Stone & Cox Ltd. ....	90
F		Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada ....	5
A Friend .....	71 and 89	Swan Bros. ....	86
H		Swiss Laundry .....	82
Heintzman & Co. Ltd. ....	78	T	
Geo. M. Hendry Co. Ltd. ....	85	G. Tamblyn Ltd. ....	12
Hunt's Ltd. ....	77	Toronto Opticians Ltd. ....	83
Hygienic Hairdressing Salon .....	77	U	
I		United Cleaners & Dyers .....	79
Ideal Beauty Salon .....	89	Upper Canada Tract Society .....	2
Ideal Bread Co. Ltd. ....	86	W	
Imperial Oil Limited .....	74	Ed. Wheatley .....	88
Interlake Tissue Mills Co. Ltd. ....	90	Whitewood's Riding School .....	7
		Harold A. Wilson Co. Ltd. ....	8

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